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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE,
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PHANTOM HORSE.

I have encountered dangers—not a few—but they were the ordinary perils of flood and field, and I understood them. I have had one limb broken, and its fellow bored with an ounce of lead. I have swum from a sinking ship, and have fallen upon the battle-field. I have looked at the muzzles of a hundred muskets aimed my person, at less than thirty yards' distance, and felt the certainty of death; though volley was fired, and I still live. Well, will no doubt acknowledge these to be perils. Do not mistake me; I am not boasting of having encountered them; I met them with more or less courage—some of them with fear; but if the fears inspired by all were combined into one emotion of terror, it would not equal in intensity that which I experienced at the moment I pulled up my horse upon the prairie.

I have never been given to superstition; perhaps my religion is not strong enough for that; but at that moment I could not help yielding to a full belief in the supernatural. There was no *natural* cause—I could think of none—that would account for the mysterious disappearance of the horse. I had often sneered at the credulous sailor and his phantom ship; had I lived to look upon a phenomenon equally strange yet true—a phantom horse?

The hunters and trappers had indeed invested the white steed with this character; their stories recurred to my memory at the moment. I had used to smile at the simple credulity of the narrators. I was now prepared to believe them.—They were true!

Or was I dreaming? Was it not all a dream? The search for the white steed—the surround—the chase—the long, long gallop?

For some moments I actually fancied that such *might* be the case; but soon my consciousness became clear again; I was in the saddle, my panting, smoking steed was under me. What was real and positive. I remembered all the incidents of the chase. They, too, were real of a certainty; the white steed had been there; he was gone. The trappers spoke the truth. The horse was a phantom!

Oppressed with this thought, which had almost become a conviction, I sat in my saddle, bent and silent, my eyes turned upon the earth, but their gaze fixed on vacuity. The lazo had dropped from my fingers, and the bridle reins trailed untouched over the withers of my horse.

* * * * * *

My belief in the supernatural was of short duration; how long I know not, for during its continuance I remained in a state of bewilderment. My senses at length returned. My eyes had fallen upon a fresh hoof-print on the turf, direct- in front of me. I knew it was that made by he white steed, and this awoke me to a process f reasoning. Had the horse been a phantom, would not have made a track? I had never eard of the track of a ghost; though a *horse-head* might be different from the common ind!

My reflections on this head ended in the deter- ination to follow the trail as far as it led; of urse to the point where the steed must have ounted into the air, or evaporated—the scene his apotheosis.

With this resolve, I gathered my reins, and ed forward upon the trail, keeping my eyes ed upon the hoof-prints. The line was direct, nd I had ridden nearly two hundred yards, hen my horse came to a sudden stop. I look- ont forward to discover the cause of his halt- ng; with that glance, vanished my new-born su- erstitions.

At the distance of some thirty paces, a dark e was seen upon the prairie, running trans- ely to the course I was following. It appear- to be a narrow crack in the plain; but on urring nearer, it proved to be a fissure of con- derable width—one of those formations known ughout Spanish America as *barrancas*. The th yawned, as though rent by an earthquake; me water had evidently something to do with its rmation. It was of nearly equal width at top d bottom, and its bed was covered with a de- ite of rocks rounded by attrition. Its sides re perfectly vertical, and the stratification, on to the surface-turf, exactly corresponded—hus rendering it invisible at the distance of but few paces from its brink. It appeared to shal- to the right, and no doubt ended not far off that direction. Towards the left, on the con- ary, I could see that it became deeper and rider. At the point where I had reached it, its ottom was nearly twenty feet from the surface of he prairie.

Of course, the disappearance of the white teed was no longer a mystery. He had made a arful leap—nearly twenty feet sheer! There as the torn turf on the brink of the chasm, and he displacement of the loose stones, where he ad bounded into its bed. He had gone to the ft—down the barranca. The abrasion of his oofs was visible upon the rocks.

I looked down the defile; he was not to be en. The barranca turned off at an angle at no at distance. He had already passed round angle, and was out of sight. It was clear at he had escaped; that to follow would be of use; and with this reflection I abandoned all oughts of carrying the chase further.

After giving way to a pang or two of disap- intment, I began to think of the position in ich I had placed myself. It is true I was now lieved from the feeling of awe that, but a mo- nt before had oppressed me; but my situation ar from being a pleasant one. I was at thirty miles from the rancheria, and I could tell in what direction it lay. The sun was and therefore I had the points of the ; but I had not the slightest idea whe- ther we had ridden eastward or westward after leaving the settlements. I might ride back on my own trail; *perhaps* I might; it was a doubtful point. Neither through the timber, nor on the open prairie, had the chase gone in a direct line. Moreover, I noticed in many places, as we glided swiftly along, that the turf was cut up by numerous hoof-tracks; droves of mustangs had passed over the ground. It would be no easy matter for me to retrace the windings of that long gallop.

One thing was evident: it would be useless for me to make the attempt before morning. There was not half-an-hour of sun left, and at night the trail could not be followed. I had no alternative but to remain where I was until another day broke.

But how remain? I was hungry; still worse, I was choking with thirst. Not a drop of water was near; I had seen none for twenty miles. The long, hot ride had made me thirst to an unusual degree, and my poor horse was in a similar condition. The knowledge that no water was near, added, as it always does, to the agony, and rendered the physical want more difficult to be endured.

I scanned the bottom of the barranca, and tracked it with my eye as far as I could see; it was waterless as the plain itself. The rocks rested upon dry sand and gravel; not a drop of the wished-for element appeared within its bed, although it was evident that at some time a torrent must have swept along its channel.

After some reflection, it occurred to me that by following the barranca *downward*, I might find water; at least, this was the most likely direction in which to search for it. I rode forward, therefore, directing my horse along the edge of the chasm. The fissure deepened as I advanced, until, at the distance of a mile from where I first struck it, the gulf yawned full fifty feet into the plain, the sides still preserving their vertical steepness!

The sun had now gone down; the twilight promised to be a short one. I dared not traverse that plain in the darkness; I might ride over the precipitous edge of the barranca. Besides, it was not the only one; I saw there were others—smaller ones—the beds of tributary streams in times of rain. These branched off diagonally or at right angles, and were more or less deep and steep.

Night was fast closing over the prairie; I dared not ride further amid these perilous abysms. I must soon come to a halt, without finding water. I should have to spend the long hours without relief. The thought of such a night was fearful.

I was still riding slowly onward, mechanically conducting my horse, when a bright object fell under my eyes, causing me to start in my saddle with an exclamation of joy. It was the gleam of water. I saw it in a westerly direction, the direction in which I was going. It was a small lake, or—in the phraseology of the country—a pond. It was not in the bottom of the ravine, where I had hitherto been looking for water, but up on the high prairie. There was no timber around it, no sedge; its shores were without vegetation of any kind, and its surface appeared to correspond with the level of the plain itself.

I rode forward with joyful anticipations, yet not without some anxiety. Was it a *mirage*? It might be—often had I been deceived by such appearances. But no; it had not the filmy, gauze-like halo that hangs over the mirage. Its outlines were sharply defined by the prairie turf, and the last lingering rays of the sun glistened upon its surface. It was water!

Fully assured of this, I rode forward at a more rapid rate.

I had got within about two hundred paces of the spot, keeping my eyes fixed upon the glistening water, when all at once my horse started, and drew back! I looked ahead to discover the cause. The twilight had nearly passed, but in the obscurity I could still distinguish the surface of the prairie. The barranca again frowned before me, running transversely across my path. To my chagrin, I perceived that the chasm had made a sudden turn, and that the pond was on its *opposite side!*

CHAPTER XIX.

A PRAIRIE DREAM.

There was no hope of crossing in the darkness. The barranca was here deeper than at any point above; so deep that I could but indistinctly see the rocky boulders at its bottom. Perhaps with the daylight I might be able to find a crossing-place; but from that doubtful hypothesis I derived little consolation.

It had now grown quite dark, and I had no choice but to pass the night where I was, though I anticipated a night of torture.

I dropped to the ground, and having led my horse a few rods into the prairie, so as to keep him clear of the precipice, I relieved him of his saddle and bridle, and left him to browse to the full length of the lazo. For myself, I had but few preparations to make; there was no supper to be cooked, but eating was a matter of secondary importance on that occasion. I should have preferred a cup of water to a roast turkey.

I had but few implements to dispose of in my temporary camp. My rifle and hunting-knife, with horn and pouch, and the double-headed gourd, which served as water-canteen, and which, alas! had been emptied at an early hour of the day. Fortunately, my Mexican blanket was buckled on the croupe. This I unstrapped, and having enveloped myself in its ample folds, and placed my head in the hollow of my saddle, I composed myself as well as I could, in the hope of falling asleep.

CHASED BY A "GRIZZLY."

For a long time this luxury was denied me. The torture of thirst will rob one of sleep as effectually as the stinging pain of toothache. I turned and turned again, glaring at the moon; she was visible only at intervals, as black clouds were coursing across the canopy; but when she shone out, her light caused the little lake to glisten like a sheet of silver. Oh! how that bright water mocked me with its wavy ripple! I could comprehend the sufferings of Tantalus. I thought at the time that the gods could not have devised a more exquisite torture for the royal Lydian.

After some time, the pain of thirst was less intensely felt. Perhaps the cold, damp air of night had the effect of relieving it; but it is more likely that fatigue and long endurance had rendered the sense less acute. Whatever may have been the cause, I suffered less, and felt myself yielding to sleep. There was no sound to keep me awake; perfect stillness reigned around; even the usual howling bark of the prairie-wolf did not reach my ear. The place seemed too lonely for this almost ubiquitous night-prowler. The only sign of life that told me I was not alone, was the occasional stoke of my steed's hoof upon the hard turf, and the "crop-crop" that told me he was busy with the short buffalo-grass. But these were soothing sounds, as they admonished me that my faithful companion was enjoying himself after his hard gallop, and strengthened my desire for repose.

I slept, but not lightly. No; my sleep was heavy and full of troubled dreams. I have a sort of half belief that the *rôle* we play in these dream-scenes wears the body as much as if we enacted it in reality. I have often awaked from such visions feeble from fatigue. If such be the fact, during that night upon the prairie I went through the toils of the preceding day with considerable additions. First of all, I was in the presence of a lovely woman; she was dark-eyed, dark-haired—a brunette—a beauty. I traced the features of Isolina. I gazed in her eyes; I was happy in her smiles; I fancied I was beloved. Bright objects were around me. The whole scene was rose-color.

This was a short episode; it was interrupted. I heard shouts and savage yells. I looked out; the house was surrounded by Indians! They were already within the enclosure; and the moment after, crowds of them entered the house. There was much struggling and confusion. I battled with such arms as I could lay hold of; several fell before me; but one—a tall savage, the chief, as I thought—threw his arm around my mistress, and carried her away out of my sight.

I remember not how I got mounted; but I was upon horseback, and galloping over the wide prairie in pursuit of the ravisher. I could see the savage ahead upon a snow-white steed, with Isolina in his arms. I urged my horse with voice and spur, but, as I thought, for long, long hours in vain. The white steed still kept far in the advance; and I could come no nearer him. I thought the savage had changed his form. He was no longer an Indian chief, but the fiend himself; I saw the horns upon his head; his feet were cloven hoofs! I thought he was luring me to the brink of some fell precipice, and I had no longer the power to stay my horse. Ha! The demon and his phantom horse have gone over the cliff! They have carried her along with them! I must follow—I cannot remain behind. I am on the brink. My steed springs over the chasm. I am falling—falling—falling!

I reach the rocks at length. I am not killed; how strange I am not crushed! But no; I still live. Yet I suffer. Thirst chokes and tortures me; my heart and brain are aching, and my tongue is on fire. The sound of water is in my ears; a torrent rushes by near me. *If* I could only reach it, I might drink and live; but I cannot move; I am chained to the rocks. I grasp one after another, and endeavored to drag myself along; I partially succeed; but oh, what efforts I make. The labor exhausts my strength. I renew my exertions. I am gaining ground; rock after rock is passed. I have neared the rushing water; I feel its cold spray sprinkling me. I am saved!

* * * * * *

After such fashion ran my dream. It was the shadow of a reality, somewhat disorganised; but the most pleasant reality was that which awoke me. I found myself in the process of being sprinkled, not by the spray of a torrent, but by a plashing shower from the clouds! Under other circumstances, this might have been less welcome, but now I hailed it with a shout of joy. The thunder was rolling almost continuously; lightning blazed at short intervals; and I could hear the roar of a torrent passing down the barranca.

To assuage thirst was my first thought; and for this purpose, I stretched out my concave palms, and held my mouth wide open, thus drinking from the very fountains of the sky. Though the drops fell thick and heavy, the process was too slow, and a better plan suggested itself. I knew that my *serape* was water-proof; it was one of the best of Parras fabric, and had cost me an hundred silver dollars. This I spread to its full extent, pressing the central parts into a hollow of the prairie. In five minutes' time, I had forgotten what thirst was, and wondered how such a thing should have caused me so much torture!

More drank from the same "trough," and betook himself to the grass again. The under side of the blanket was still dry, and the patch of ground which it had sheltered. Along this I stretched myself, drew the serape over me, and after listening a while to the loud lullaby of the thunder, fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER XX.

LOST UPON THE PRAIRIE.

I slept sweetly and soundly. I had no dreams, or only such as were light, and forgotten with the return of consciousness.

It was late when I awoke. A bright sun was mounting into the blue and cloudless sky. This orb was already many degrees above the horizon.

Hunger was the father of my first thought. I had eaten nothing since an early hour of the preceding day, and then only the light *desayuna* of sweet-cake and chocolate. To one not accustomed to long fasting, a single day without food will give some idea of the pain of hunger; that pain will increase upon a second day, and by the third will have reached its maximum. Upon the fourth and fifth, the body grows weaker, and the brain becomes deranged; the nerve, however, is less acute, and though the suffering is still intense, hunger is never harder to endure than upon the second or third day. Of course, these remarks apply only to those not habituated to long fasts. I have known men who could endure hunger for six days, and feel less pain than others under a fast of twenty-four hours. Indians or prairie-hunters were those men, and fortunately for them that they are endowed with such powers of endurance, often driven as they are into circumstances of the most dire necessity. Truly, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!"

As I have said, my first thought was of something to eat. I rose to my feet, and with my eye swept the prairie in every direction; no object, living or dead, greeted my sight; beast or bird, there was none; my horse alone met my glance, quietly browsing on his trail-rope. I could not help envying him, as I scanned his well-filled sides. I thought of the bounty of the Creator in thus providing for His less intelligent creatures—giving them the power to live where man would starve. Who does not in this recognise the hand of a Providence?

I walked forward to the edge of the barranca, and looked over. It was a grim abyss, over a hundred feet in depth, about the same in width. Its sides were less precipitous at this point. The escarpment rocks had fallen in, and formed a sort of shelving bank, by which a man on foot might have descended into its bed, and climbed out on the opposite side; but it was not passable for a horse. Its cliffs were furrowed and uneven; rocks jutted out and hung over; and in the seams grew cactus plants, bramble, and small trees of dwarf cedar (*Juniperus prostrata.*)

I looked into its channel. I had heard the torrent rolling down in the night. I saw traces of the water among the rocks. A large body must have passed, and yet not a cupful could now have been lifted from its bed! What remained was fast filtering into the sand, or rising back to the heavens upon the heated atmosphere.

I had brought with me my rifle, in hopes of espying some living creature; but, after walking for a considerable distance along the edge, I abandoned the search. No trace of bird or quadruped could be found, and I turned and went back to the place where I had slept.

To draw the picket-pin of my horse and saddle him, was the work of a few minutes; this done, I began to bethink me of *where I was going.* Back to the rancheria, of course! That was the natural reply to such a question; but there was another far less easily answered: How was I to find the way? My design of the previous night—to follow back my own trail—was no longer practicable. *The rain had effaced the tracks!* I remembered that I had passed over wide stretches of light dusty soil, where the hoof scarcely impressed itself. I remembered that the rain had been of that character known as "planet showers," with large, heavy drops, that, in such places, must have blotted out every trace of the trail. To follow the "back-track" was no longer possible. I had not before thought of this difficulty; and now, that it presented itself to my mind, it was accompanied by a new feeling of dread. I felt that *I was lost!*

As you sit in your easy-chair, you may fancy that this is a mere bagatelle—a little bewilderment that one may easily escape from who has a good horse between his thighs. It is only to strike boldly out, and by riding on *in a straight line*, you must in time arrive *somewhere.* No doubt that is your idea; but permit me to inform you that this depends very much upon circumstances. It would indeed be trusting to blind chance. You might arrive "somewhere," and that somewhere might be the very point from which you had started! Do you fancy you can ride ten miles in a direct line over a prairie, without a single object to guide you? Be undeceived, then; you cannot! The best mounted men have perished under such circumstances. It may take days to escape out of a fifty-mile prairie, and days bring death. Hunger and thirst soon gain strength and agony—the sooner that you know you have not the wherewith to satisfy the one, nor quench the other. Besides, there is in your very loneliness a feeling of bewilderment, painful to an extreme degree, and from which only the oldest prairie-men are free. Your senses lose half their power, your energy is diminished, and your resolves become weak and vacillating. You feel doubtful at each step as to whether you be following the right path, and are ready at every moment to turn into another. Believe me, it is a fearful thing to be alone and lost upon the prairies!

I felt this keenly enough. I had been on the great plains before, but it was the first time I had the misfortune to wander astray on them, and I was the more terrified that I already hungered to no common degree. There was something singular, too, in the circumstances that had brought me into my present situation. The disappearance of the white steed, although accounted for by perfectly natural causes, had left upon my mind a strange impression. That he should have lured me so far, and then eluded me in such a way! I could not help fancying design in it; and fancying so, I could attribute such design only to a higher intelligence—in fact, to some supernatural cause. I was again on the edge of superstition. My mind began to give way and yield itself to hideous fancies.

I struggled against such thoughts, and succeeded in rousing myself to reflect upon some active measures for my safety. I saw that it was of no use to remain where I was. I knew that I could make a straight path for a couple of hours at least—the sun was in the sky, and that would guide me—until near the meridian hours. Then I should have to halt, and wait awhile; for in that southern latitude, and just at that time of the year, the sun at noon is so near the zenith that a practised astronomer could not tell north from south. I reflected that before noon I might reach timber, though that would not insure my safety. Even the naked plain is not more bewildering than the openings of the mezquite groves and the chapparal that border it. Among these you may travel for days without getting twenty miles from your starting-point, and they are often as destitute of the means of life as the desert itself!

Such were my reflections as I had saddled and bridled my horse, and stood scanning the plain in order to make up my mind as to the direction I should take.

CHAPTER XXI.

A PRAIRIE REPAST.

In gazing out, my eye was attracted by some objects. They were animals, but of what species I could not tell. There are times upon the prairies when form and size present the most illusory aspects: a wolf seems as large as a horse; and a raven, sitting upon a swell of the plain, has been mistaken for a buffalo. A peculiar state of the atmosphere is the magnifying cause, and it is only the experienced eye of the trapper that can reduce the magnified proportions and distorted form to their proper size and shape.

The objects I had noticed were full three miles off; they were in the direction of the lake, and of course on the other side of the barranca. There were several forms—five I counted—moving phantom-like against the rim of the horizon. Something drew my attention from them for a short while—a period of perhaps three or four minutes' duration. When I looked out again, they were no longer to be seen; but by the edge of the pond, at less than five hundred yards' distance, five beautiful creatures were standing, which I knew to be antelopes. They were so close to the pond, that their graceful forms were shadowed in the water, and their erect attitudes told that they had just halted after a run. Their number corresponded with the objects I had seen but the moment before far out upon the prairie. I was convinced they were the same. The distance was nothing; these creatures travel with the speed of a swallow.

The sight of the prong-horns stimulated my hunger. My first thought was how to get near them. Curiosity had brought them to the pond; they had espied my horse and myself afar off, and had galloped up to reconnoitre us. But they still appeared shy and timid, and were evidently not inclined to approach nearer.

The barranca lay between them and me, but I saw that if I could entice them to its brink, they would be within range of my rifle.

Once staking down my horse, I tried every plan I could think of. I laid myself along the grass upon my back, and kicked my heels in the air, but to no purpose; the game would not move from the water's edge.

Remembering that my serape was of very brilliant colors, I bethought me of another plan which, when adroitly practised, rarely fails of success. Taking the blanket, I lashed one edge to the ramrod of my rifle, having first passed the latter through the upper swivel of the piece. With the thumb of my left hand I was thus enabled to hold the rammer steady and transverse to the barrel. I now dropped upon my knees, holding the gun shoulder-high, and the gay-colored serape spread out almost to its full extent, hung to the ground, and formed a complete cover for my person. Before making these arrangements, I had crept to the very edge of the barranca, in order to be as near as possible should the antelopes approach upon the opposite side. Of course every manœuvre was executed with all the silence and caution I could observe. I was in no reckless humor to frighten off the game. Hunger was my monitor. I knew that not my breakfast alone, but my life, might be depending on the successful issue of the experiment.

It was not long before I had the gratification of perceiving that my decoy was likely to prove attractive. The prong-horned antelope, like most animals of its kind, has one strongly developed propensity—that of *curiosity.* Although to a known enemy it is the most timid of creatures, yet in the presence of an object that is new to it, it appears to throw aside its timidity, or rather its curiosity overcomes its sense of fear; and, impelled by the former, it will approach very near to any strange form, and regard it with an air of bewilderment. The prairie-wolf—a creature that surpasses even the fox in cunning—well knows this weakness of the antelope, and often takes advantage of it. The wolf is less fleet than the antelope, and his pursuit of it in a direct manner would be vain; but with the astute creature, stratagem makes up for the absence of speed. Should a "band" of antelopes chance to be passing, the prairie wolf lays himself flat upon the grass, clews his body into a round ball, and thus rolls himself over the ground, or goes through a series of contortions, all the while approaching nearer to his victims, until he has them within springing distance. Usually he is assisted in these manœuvres by several companions, for the prairie-wolf is social, and hunts in packs.

The square of bright colors soon produced its effect. The five prong-horns came trotting around the edge of the lake, halted, gazed upon it a moment, and then dashed off again to a greater distance. Soon, however, they turned and came running back, this time apparently with greater confidence, and a stronger feeling of curiosity. I could hear them uttering their quick "snorts" as they tossed up their tiny heads and snuffed the air. Fortunately the wind was in my favor, blowing directly from the game, and towards me; otherwise, they would have "winded" me, and discovered the cheat, for they both know and fear the scent of the human hunter.

The band consisted of a young buck and four females—his wives; the nucleus, no doubt, of a much larger establishment in prospect—for the antelope is polygamous, and some of the older males have an extensive following. I knew the buck by his greater size and forking horns, which the does want. He appeared to direct the actions of the others, as they all stood in a line behind him, following and imitating his motions.

At the second approach, they came within a hundred yards of me. My rifle was equal to this range, and I prepared to fire. The leader was nearest me, and I selected him as the victim. Taking sight, I pulled trigger. As soon as the smoke cleared off, I had the satisfaction of seeing the buck down upon the prairie, in the act of giving his last kick. To my surprise, none of the others had been frightened off by the report, but stood gazing at their fallen leader, apparently bewildered.

I bethought me of re-loading; but I had incautiously risen to my feet, and so revealed my form to the eyes of the antelopes. This produced an effect which neither the crack of the rifle nor the fall of their comrade had done; and the now terrified animals wheeled about and sped away like the wind. In less than two minutes they were beyond the reach of vision.

The next question that arose was how I was to get across the barranca. The tempting morsel lay upon the other side, and I therefore set about examining the chasm, in order to find a practicable crossing. This I fortunately discovered. On both sides the cliff was somewhat broken down, and might be scaled, though not without considerable difficulty.

After once more looking to the security of my horse's trail-rope, I placed my rifle where I had slept, and set out to cross the barranca, taking only my knife. I could have no use for the gun, and it would hinder me from scaling the cliffs. I got to the bottom of the ravine, and commenced ascending on the opposite side, where it was steeper; but I was assisted by the branches of the trailing cedar that grew among the rocks. I noticed, and with some surprise, that the path

must have been used before, either by men or animals.

The soil that lay upon the ledges was "padded" as by feet, and the rock in some places scratched and discolored. These indications only caused me a momentary reflection. I was too hungry to dwell upon any thought but that of eating.

At length I reached the scarp of the cliff, and climbing out upon the prairie, soon stood over the carcass of the prong-horn. My knife was out, and next moment I was busy playing the part of butcher.

You will no doubt fancy that the next thing I did was to go in search of something to make a fire for the purpose of cooking. I did nothing of the sort; the next thing I did was to eat my breakfast. *I ate it raw*; and had you been in my situation, delicate as you are, you would have done the same.

It is true that, after I had satisfied the first cravings of appetite with the tongue of the antelope and a few morsels of steak, I became more fastidious, and thought a little roasting might improve the venison. For this purpose, I was about to return to the barranca, in order to gather some sticks of the cedar-wood, when my eyes fell upon an object that drove all thoughts of cookery out of my head, and sent a thrill of terror to my heart. The object in question was a large animal, which I at once recognized as the *grizzly bear*, the most dreaded of all creatures that inhabit the prairie.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHASED BY A "GRIZZLY."

The bear was one of the largest of his kind; but it was not his size that impressed me with fear, so much as the knowledge of his fierce nature. It was not the first time I had encountered the grizzly bear; and I knew his habits well. I was rather surprised at seeing the *Ursus ferox* in that region. The range of this species is more to the west, among the defiles of the Rocky Mountains; but individuals occasionally wander as far east as the meridian of the Mississippi. The one before me was of a yellowish-red color, with legs and feet nearly black: but color is no characteristic among these animals, scarcely two of them being alike in this respect. I was familiar with the form and aspect, and could not be mistaken; I recognized the long, shaggy pelage, the straight front, and broad facial disk, which distinguishes this species from the *Ursus Americanus*. The yellow eyes, the huge teeth, but half concealed by the lips, and above all, the long, curving claws—the most prominent marks of the species, as they are his most formidable means of attack—were all identified.

When my eyes first rested upon this monster, he was just emerging out of the barranca at the very spot where I had climbed up myself. It was *his* tracks, then, I had observed while scaling the cliff!

On reaching the level of the prairie, he advanced a pace or two, and then halting, he reared up and stood upon his *hind-legs*; at the same time he uttered a snorting sound, which resembled the "blowing" of hogs, when suddenly startled in the forest. For some moments he remained in his upright attitude, rubbing his head with his fore-paws, and playing them about after the manner of monkeys. In fact, as he stood fronting me, he looked not unlike a gigantic ape.

When I say that I was *terrified* by the presence of this unwelcome intruder, I speak no more than the truth. Had I been on horseback—on the back of Moro—I should have regarded the creature no more than the snail that crawled upon the grass. The grizzly bear is too slow to overtake a horse; but I was on foot, and well-knew that the animal could outrun me, however swift I deemed myself.

To suppose that he would not attack me, would have been to suppose an improbability. I did not count upon such a thing; I knew too well the disposition of the enemy that approached. I knew that in nine cases out of ten the grizzly bear is the assailant—that no animal in America will willingly risk a contest with him; and I am not certain that the lion of Africa would wear his laurels after an encounter with this fierce quadruped.

Man himself shuns such an encounter, unless mounted upon the friendly horse; and even then, where the ground is not clear and open, the prudent trapper always gives "old Ephraim"—the prairie soubriquet of the grizzly—a wide berth, and rides on without molesting him. The white hunter reckons a grizzly bear equal in prowess to two Indians; while the Indian accounts the destruction of one of these animals a great feat in his life's history. Among Indian braves, a necklace of bear's claws is a badge of honor, since these adornments can be worn only by the man who has himself killed the animals from which they are taken.

On the other hand, the grizzly bear fears no adversary; he assails the largest animals on sight. The elk, the moose, the bison, or wild-horse, if caught, is instantly killed. With a blow of his paw, he can lay open the flesh, as if it had been gashed with an axe; and he can drag the body of a full-grown buffalo to any distance. He rushes upon man, whether mounted or on foot; and a dozen hunters have retreated before his furious assault. A dozen bullets—ay, nearly twice that number—have been fired into the body of a grizzly bear without killing him; and only a shot through the brain or the heart will prove instantaneously mortal. Gifted with such tenacity of life and sanguinary fierceness of disposition, no wonder the grizzly bear is a dreaded creature. Were he possessed of the fleetness of the lion or tiger, he would be a more terrible assailant than either; and it is not too much to say that his haunts would be unapproachable by man. He is slow, however, compared with the horse; and there is another circumstance scarcely less favorable to those who pass through his district—he is not a tree-climber. Indeed, he does not affect the forest; but there is usually some timber in the neighborhood of his haunts; and many a life has been saved by his intended victim having taken refuge in a tree.

I was well acquainted with these points in the natural history of this animal, and you may fancy the feelings I experienced at finding myself in the presence of one of the largest and fiercest upon the naked plain, alone, dismounted, almost unarmed! There was not a bush where I could hide myself, not a tree into which I might climb. There was no means of escape, and almost none of defence: the knife was the only weapon I had with me; my rifle I had left upon the other side of the barranca, and to reach it was out of the question. Even could I have got to the path that led down the cliff, it would have been madness to attempt crossing there; although not a tree-climber, the grizzly bear, by means of his great claws, could have scaled the cliff more expeditiously than I. I should have been caught before I could have reached the bottom of the ravine, had I made the attempt.

The bear was directly in the path. It would have been literally running "into his arms" to have gone that way.

These reflections occupy minutes of your time to *read*; I *thought* them in less than moments. A single glance around showed me the utter helplessness of my situation; I saw there was no alternative but a desperate conflict—a conflict with the knife! Despair, that for a moment had unnerved, now had the effect of bracing me; and, fronting my fierce foe I stood ready to receive him.

I had heard of hunters having conquered and killed the grizzly bear with no other weapon than a knife, but after a terrible and protracted struggle—after many wounds and sore loss of blood. I had read in the book of a naturalist, that "a man might end a struggle with a bear in a few instants, if one hand be sufficiently at liberty to grasp the throat of the animal with the thumb and fingers externally, *just at the root of the tongue*, as a slight degree of compression there will generally suffice to produce a spasm of the glottis, that will soon suffocate the bear beyond the power of offering resistance or doing injury." Beautiful theory! Sagacious naturalist! How would you like to try the experiment? Have you ever heard of birds being caught by the application of "salt to the tail?" The theory is as correct as yours, and I am certain the practice of it would be more difficult!

But I digress among these after-thoughts. I had no time to reflect upon "compressions of the tongue" or "spasms of the glottis." My antagonist soon finished his reconnoissance of me, and, dropping upon all fours, he uttered a loud roar, and rushed towards me with open mouth.

I had resolved to await his attack; but as he came nearer, and I beheld his great gaunt form, his gleaming teeth, and his senna-colored eyes flashing like fire, I changed my design; a new thought came suddenly across my mind; I turned and fled.

The thought that prompted me to adopt this course was, that the bear might be attracted by the carcass of the antelope, and pause over it—perhaps long enough to give me a start, or enable me to escape altogether. If not, my situation could be no worse than it then was.

Alas! my hope was short-lived. On reaching the antelope, the fierce monster made no halt. I glanced back; he was already past it, and closing rapidly upon my heels.

I am a swift runner—one of the swiftest. Many a school-day triumph can I remember; but what was my speed against such a competitor! I was only running myself out of breath. I should be less prepared for the desperate conflict that must soon come off; better to turn, and at once face the foe!

I had half resolved—half turned, in fact—when an object flashed before my eyes that dazzled them. Inadvertently, I had run in the direction of the pond; I was now upon its shore. It was the sun gleaming from the water that dazzled me. The surface was calm as a mirror.

A new idea—a sort of half-hope—rushed instantaneously into my mind. It was the straw to the drowning man. The fierce brute was close behind me; another instant, and we must have grappled. Not yet, not yet, thought I. I should fight him in the water—in the deep water; that might give me an advantage. Perhaps, then, the contest would be more equal; perhaps I might escape by diving!

I sprang into the pond without a moment of hesitation. The water was knee-deep. I plunged onward, making for the centre; the spray rose round; the pond deepened as I advanced; I was soon up to the waist.

I glanced around with anxious heart; the bear was standing upon the edge. To my surprise and joy, I saw that he had halted, and seemed disinclined to follow me.

I say, to my surprise I saw this, for I knew that water has no terrors for the grizzly bear; I knew that he could swim; I had seen many of his kind crossing deep lakes and rapid rivers. What, then, hindered him from following me?

I could not guess, nor, indeed, did I try to guess, at the moment; I thought of nothing but getting further from the shore, and waded on till I had arrived near the centre of the lake and stood neck-deep in the water. I could go no further without swimming, and therefore came to a stand, with my face turned towards my pursuer.

I watched his every movement. He had risen once more upon his hind-quarters, and stood looking after me, but still apparently without any intention of taking to water.

After regarding me for some time, he fell back upon all-fours, and commenced running round the border of the pond, as if searching for a place to enter.

There were not over two hundred paces between us, for the pond was only twice that in diameter. He could soon have reached me, had he felt so disposed; but for some reason or other, he seemed disinclined to a "swim." For a full half-hour he kept running back and forwards along the shore.

Besides the apprehension in which his presence held me, my situation was far from comfortable. Although there was a warm sun overhead, the water was as cold as ice, and my teeth began to chatter like castanets. I knew not how long the scene was to last. I well knew the vengeful disposition of the grizzly bear, and the untiring pertinacity with which he follows any one who may have roused his resentment. Fortunately, I had neither wounded nor molested him, and I was in hopes that my innocence in this respect might save me from a very protracted siege. I had no other hope of being rescued from my perilous situation.

He appeared to have made up his mind to wait until I should come out; though once or twice I thought he was about to swim towards me; for he halted upon the very edge, craned his head over the water, oscillating the forepart of his body, as if going to plunge in. After manœuvring in this way for some seconds, he turned his side, and continued to pace along the bank.

What he thought of our relative situations, I cannot tell. A third party, in the position of a spectator, would have regarded the tableau as comic in the extreme. Up to my neck in the middle of the pond, with only my head appearing above the water, I must have presented a ludicrous spectacle; and now that I think of it, I cannot help smiling at the figure I must have cut in the eyes of the bear. I did not laugh at it then; I was too badly frightened for that. There was no laughter in me at that hour.

For a long while—full half-an-hour, I should judge—the bear remained near the edge of the pond. Now and again, he made short excursions out into the prairie; but always returned soon, and regarded me afresh, as though determined not to lose sight of me for any length of time. I was in hopes that he might stray round to the other side of the pond, and give me the chance of making a rush for the ravine; but no; he continued on that side where he had first appeared, as though he suspected my design.

I began to despair. I shivered. The pond must have been a spring, so chill were its waters. I shivered, but kept my place; I dared not move out of it. I even feared to agitate the water around me, lest by so doing I might excite my fierce enemy, and tempt his onset. I shivered, but stood still.

My patience was at length rewarded. The bear, making one of his short tours into the prairie, espied the carcass of the antelope. I saw that he had halted over something, though I could not tell what, for my eyes were below the level of the plain. Presently, his head was raised again, and in his jaws were the remains of the prong-horn. To my joy, I now perceived that he was dragging it towards the barranca, and in another minute he had disappeared with it behind the cliff.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TOUGHEST STRUGGLE OF MY LIFE.

I swam a few strokes, and then wading gently and without noise, I stood upon the sandy shore. With shivering frame and dripping garments, I stood, uncertain what course to pursue. I was upon the opposite side of the lake—I mean opposite to where I had entered it. I had chosen that side intentionally, lest the bear should suddenly return. He might deposit the carcass in his lair, and come back to look after me. It is a habit of these animals, when not pressed by immediate hunger, to bury their food or store it in their caves. Even the eating of the antelope would have been an affair of only a few minutes' time. The bear might still return, more fierce that he had tasted blood.

I was filled with irresolution. Should I fly off to the plain beyond the reach of pursuit? I should have to return again for my horse and rifle. To take to the prairie on foot would be like going to sea without a boat; but, even had I been sure of reaching the settlements in safety without my horse, I could not think of such a thing. I loved my Moro too well to leave him behind me; I would have risked life itself rather than part with that noble creature. No; the idea of deserting him was not entertained for a moment.

But how was I to join him? The only path by which I could cross the barranca, had just been taken by the bear. He was no doubt still upon it, in the bottom of the ravine. To attempt passing over, would be to bring myself once more under the eyes of the fierce brute; and I should certainly become his victim.

Another idea suggested itself—to go up the barranca, and find another crossing, or else head it altogether, and come down upon the opposite side. That was clearly the best plan.

I was about starting forward to execute it, when, to my dismay, I again beheld the bear; this time, not upon the same side with myself, but upon the opposite one, where Moro was picketed! He was slowly climbing out of the ravine, and, when I first saw him, was dragging his huge body over the escarpment of the cliff. In a moment, he stood erect upon the plain.

I was filled with a new consternation; I saw too surely that he was about to attack the horse!

The latter had already observed the bear's approach, and seemed to be fully aware of his danger. I had staked him at the distance of about four hundred yards from the barranca, and upon a lazo of about twenty in length. At sight of the bear, he had run out to the end of his trail-rope, and was snorting and plunging with affright.

This new dilemma arrested me, and I stood with anxious feelings to watch the result. I had no hope of being able to yield the slightest aid to my poor horse—at least none occurred to me at the moment.

The bear made directly towards him, and my heart throbbed wildly as I beheld the fierce brute almost within clawing distance. The horse sprang round, however, and galloped upon a circle of which the lazo was the radius. I knew, from the hard jerks he had already given to the rope, that there was no chance of its yielding and freeing him. No; it was a raw-hide lazo of the toughest thong. I knew its power, and I remembered how firmly I had driven home the picket-pin. This I had now cause to regret. Oh, what would I have given to have been able to draw the blade of my knife across that rope!

I continued to watch the struggle with a painful feeling of suspense. The horse still kept out of reach by galloping round the circumference of the circle, while the bear made his attacks by crossing its chords, or running in circles of lesser diameter. The whole scene bore a resemblance to an act at the Hippodrome, Moro being the steed, and the bear taking the part of the ring-master!

Once or twice, the rope circling round, and quite taut, caught upon the legs of the bear, and, after carrying him along with it for some distance, flung him over upon his back. This seemed to add to his rage, as, after rising each time, he ran after the horse with redoubled fury. I could have been amused at the singular spectacle, but that my mind was too painfully agitated about the result.

The scene continued for some minutes without much change in the relative position of the actors. I began to hope that the brute might be baffled after all, and finding the horse too nimble for him, would give over his attempts, particularly as I had noticed the latter administer several kicks that might have discomfited any other assailant; but these only rendered the bear more savage and vengeful.

Just at this time the scene assumed a new phase, likely to bring about the *denouement*. The rope had once more pressed against the bear; but this time, instead of trying to avoid it, he seized it in his teeth and paws. I thought at first he was going to cut it, and this was exactly what I wished for; but no—to my consternation I saw that he was crawling along it by constantly renewing his hold, and thus gradually and surely drawing nearer to his victim! The horse now screamed with terror!

I could bear the sight no longer. I remembered that I had left my rifle near the edge of the barranca, and some distance from the horse; I remembered, too, that after shooting the antelope, I had carefully reloaded it. I ran forward to the cliff, and dashed madly down its face; I climbed the opposite steep, and clutching the gun, rushed towards the scene of strife.

I was still in time; the bear had not yet reached his victim, though now within less than six feet of him.

I advanced within ten paces, and fired. As though my shot had cut the thong, it gave way at the moment, and the horse, with a wild neigh, sprang off into the prairie!

I had hit the bear, as I afterwards ascertained, but not in a vital part, and my bullet had no more effect upon him than if it had been a drop of snipe-shot. It was the strength of despair that had broken the rope, and set free the steed!

It was my turn now, for the bear, as soon as he perceived that the horse had escaped him, turned and sprang upon me, uttering as he did so, a loud cry. I had no choice but flight. I had no time to reload. I struck the brute once with my clubbed rifle, and flinging the gun away, grasped the recalcitrant knife. With the strong keen blade—the knife was a bowie—I struck out before me; but the next moment I felt myself grappled and held fast. The sharp claws tore up my flesh; one paw was griped over my hips, another rested on my shoulder, while the white teeth gleamed before my eyes. My knife-arm was free; I had watched this when grappling, and with all the energy of despair, I plunged the keen blade between the ribs of my antagonist. I sought for the heart at every stab.

We rolled together to the ground, over and over again. The red blood covered us both. I saw it welling from the lips of the fierce monster, and I joyed to think that my knife reached his vitals. I was wild—I was mad—I was burning with a fierce vengeance—with anger such as one might feel for a human foe!

Over and over the ground, in the fierce struggle of life and death! Again I feel the terrible claws, the tearing teeth; again goes my blade up to the hilt. Gracious powers! how many lives has he? Will he never yield to the red steel? See the blood!—rivers of blood—the prairie is red—we roll in blood. I am sick at the sight—sick—I faint—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

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PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

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BY CAPT. MAYNE REID;

and

THE WITHERED HEART.

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LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

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In addition to the above list of contributions we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined: "The Wanderer's Tale;" "The Death of Byron;" "Annie Lee."

A NEW FEATURE.—Our readers have noticed that THE WAR TRAIL is weekly illustrated with engravings, *prepared expressly for our columns*. It is our design, in future, to illustrate in this manner all of our original novelets.

THE GERMANTOWN WATERWORKS.

The water from the Germantown Works is generally very good—but occasionally, especially in some streets, it is bad. It is rumored that the mills on the stream from which the water is taken by the Company, are in the habit of emptying their refuse dye-stuff, &c., at stated periods, into the stream. If this be so, it is simply abominable. Of the morality of thus poisoning the water used by a whole community, we need say nothing—and as to its legality, we doubt that the law will allow any man to pollute the water of a stream which flows through his property. But the citizens of Germantown wish for light upon this subject—and we hope the Water Company will at once afford it to them. Our columns are open for any statement that they may wish to make. If the rumor in question is entirely unfounded, it will be to the interest of the Company to contradict it in an authoritative manner.

THE USE OF VEGETATION.

Those glimpses of the country which annually bless the sight of us who are penned up in the city, like Sterne's starling in his cage, and who, like that unhappy fowl, "can't get out," begin to appear in all the colors of May. We mean the trees in the streets—such as happy accident or deliberate wisdom have spared to us; and the grass in the parks, which real-estate speculators have not yet abolished with palpable edicts of brick and mortar. Pleasant it is to see, as we lately saw, a soft sprinkle of pale pink apricot blossoms blushing in a patch of garden, against the grim, blind, brown, brick wall of a city dwelling, lightening with beauty its utilitarian gloom. Pleasant, also, the bright, budding green of the horse-chestnuts, and the peeping leaves that already show on the elms in park and street. A month hence, some of our sober Quaker thoroughfares will look as fresh and gay with full-foliaged boughs as a drab coat with a nosegay in its button-hole. Would they might all look so! For what an ornament to a city is verdure! Marble palaces, palatial dwellings, elaborate and ornamented buildings can never confer on a metropolis the charm of abundant gardens and stately trees. These bring the country that God made into the town made by man.

Then, in point of utility, how valuable they are. Nature, like the ancient statue of Janus, has two faces, and both are utilitarian, though diversely so. She has use and useful beauty. The rose which charms the senses is thus an instrument of moral education, but it has a physical use as well. Who doubts that every weed that grows, and every flower that blows, has its proper chemical effect upon this air we breathe which inspires and sustains us? It is not only the oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic gas and ammonia that are necessary to the composition of the atmosphere, but the aromas of every plant that the earth bears. God pours this wealth of varied odors—these smells of earth, and herb, and budding leaves, and flowers—into the air of the year, for even more purposes than to delight the sense, and work through that—

"to hearten trust
In all that made the world so fair."

But the vegetable growths, aside from their aromas—considered only as atmospheric regulators—are as necessary to the health of the world as air is to life. It is a scientific fact that the proper proportions of the atmospheric elements are established and maintained by the reciprocal action of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Vegetables supply the air with oxygen, which is the natural stimulant of daily action, and charge it with carbonic acid gas, which is the natural sedative that prepares us for nightly repose. If we expel vegetable growths from our cities, we diminish the supply of oxygen in the air, and deprive ourselves of the full proportion of an element which is necessary to healthful life. On the other hand, the aliment of vegetables is carbonic acid gas, ammonia, and other gases which are continually rising up from our streets in various quantities. Give us trees and gardens, and they will consume with avidity, and thrive upon, what it is poison for us to continually breathe. A single tree in a neighborhood is the natural foe of every lurking miasma that prowls through the air, seeking our lives, and will do its utmost to absorb and consume it. We call this a good practical reason for having abundant vegetable growths in cities, apart from every consideration of taste and beauty—just as practical and as necessary as rows of shops and dwellings, and a great deal more so. For health is better than money, and the finest house in the finest city if surrounded with deadly or unwholesome air, is valueless in comparison with a hovel that is enveloped with a pure and life-sustaining atmosphere. It is because we "who in sad cities dwell" are deprived of the quality of air which ample vegetation in our streets would ensure us, that we are physically tenderer and weaker than the red-blooded, robust, full-blown children of the field and of the prairie, whose flesh when wounded closes again like pitch, whose strength is as the strength of ten, who have the color of the peony in their faces, and the lustre of the day in their eyes.

Alas! in our eagerness to get rich by rents and the erection of as many houses on as little land as possible, we crowd out all the trees and grasses with brick and mortar, and think we are sagacious when we are simply silly. To expel health in order to condense population and trade into a business centre, like Philadelphia, or Baltimore, or New York, is not very wise—is it? To build a great city of fine houses and business advantages, and make no provision for trees which will supply the air of that city with health and life, and absorb whatever foulness it generates, is paying a great deal too much for a valuable whistle, isn't it? Truly, Jefferson spoke wiser than he knew, when he said our great cities were great sores. He meant it in a political sense; but if he had thought of these immense brick-kilns, steaming with miasmas that no verdure consumes—each set, like a wizard's fabric, in the wide, healthy landscape, and filled with pestilential dragon's breath, enough to disorder the air of the whole globe—he would have added another reason to those that justified his acrid aphorism.

Art, say the text-books, is the result of the mixture of man's mind with nature. When shall we bring a little art into our ideas of the structure of cities? The thing wanted is a combination of the advantages of country and town. Let us have, for instance, a city in which it shall be forbidden to build narrow streets or lanes, or small windows in the dwellings; provide for ample and abundant light and air; put arcades of trees in every street, and gardens around every house; diffuse the city over twice or twenty times the acres Philadelphia covers, and make every part of it adjacent and accessible with street railways, telegraphs, and all the inventions that the Aladdin's lamp of science puts at our disposal;—in a word, make a town with all the advantages of the country added to its own. This is the ideal, but alas!—this is utopian, for the capitalists, real estate-brokers, landlords and business men are in the way, and the march of improvement, and the welfare of the race, must, as usual, be delayed by the private avarice of individual money-grubbers, or the pecuniary interests of classes. Yet it is not money that we absolutely need, but robust and satisfying life.

"The life whereof our veins are scant,
More life and fuller, that we want."

Don't we wish we may get it!

Our friends in the large country towns and rural cities will not, we trust, lose the lesson that the New Yorks and Philadelphias teach, but forever preserve the rustic character of their abiding places. Health has one of its homes in the trees, flowers, herbs and grasses, that fringe the ways and byways, and cover the earth with greenness and beauty. A trite truth—a truism! Yes; but obedience to some trite truths would, and we hope some day will, redeem the world. Let our country friends who are rapidly turning their villages into towns, and their towns into cities, resolve to keep sufficient space for ample vegetation, and be sure that no better sanitary measure can be adopted than to plant and preserve gardens around their houses, and arcades of trees in their public ways.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

The agricultural papers are full of distressing questions about the way to anticipate the ravages of the multitudinous insects, whose season is now again commencing. There is one receipt, patent to everybody, which we counsel everybody to try, and which, if certain authorities on natural history are not very much mistaken, would eventually prove very effectual. It is, simply, spare the birds! Let the rust gather upon all fowling-pieces, and let all persons, like the friend Emerson wishes for, seek the woods without a gun. To us who are not possessed with the unhappy mania for shooting which afflicts so many excellent people, it has always seemed an act of dire inhumanity to destroy the beautiful feathered tenants of the woods and fields, as it certainly is an act of great thoughtlessness and impolicy. If people would only remember that birds naturally live upon insects, and that birds are annually slaughtered by sportsmen in the most ruthless and wholesale manner, they might, by putting this and that together, arrive at some conclusion respecting the enormous increase of insects of which so many farmers perpetually complain!

Writers on the habits of birds—men like Audubon, who have spent their lives in spying out the manner of life these little creatures lead—report things of them which lead us to believe that nature intended them to act as police over our fruit and corn, an end which people baffle with their foolish shot-guns and desperate ambition to be sporting characters. We are told that the swallows and martins prey upon the entire tribe of swarming insects—wasps, beetles, butterflies, etc.,—and that a single bird will kill and eat five or six thousand insects a week. Crows, thrushes, jays, bluebirds, etc., eat grasshoppers, crickets, butterflies, big beetles, and such insects. It was recently stated in one of our exchanges on what seemed to us at the time good authority—we forget the name of the author of the statement—that one family of jays would consume, we think, twenty thousand of these insects in a single season. And yet, with birds that live upon the coleopterous insects at this rate of consumption, we are anxiously inquiring some way to prevent the ravages of the curculio! Wouldn't it be well to try the effects of letting the jays, bluebirds, thrushes, and even Master Crow, whom we pester and persecute with scarecrows and strychnine so persistently—of letting them all alone for some time? True, they may do some "mischief," as we call it—in other words, they may take a little toll of our fruit-trees and grain-fields in return for their efforts in our favor against the barbarian coleoptera, but it is a fair presumption that even Master Crow, and his handsome cousin-german, the blackbird, would do more harm to the insects than to the crops. Sparing them, it might be well also to spare the wrens and sparrows, who devour the hordes of crawling things that prey upon flowers, foliage, vegetables, and so on. Then, "the woodpecker, tapping the hollow beech tree," who does not probably pursue that occupation simply for amusement, but is searching with that stout long bill of his for the borers and their eggs—he, too, is the farmer's friend, and ought to share the immunity we advise. Barn-owls, who hunt "mice and such small deer," also prey upon the insects that only venture out at night. In fact, all manner of the minor birds are of incalculable service to the farmer, and ought to be patronized and protected. If one must shoot, let him shoot the hawks, and fowls of that ilk, who are robbers of hen-roosts and assaulters of the broods of the barnyard.

There is good reason to believe that we would get on much better if we did not so frequently interfere with and destroy the balance of Nature. In this world everything exists for a purpose; every thing exists in relation to some other existence—everything is reciprocal in its action, and all things play into each others hands. Forgetting this, we, in our endeavors to have things in accordance with our whims, or passions, or short-sighted petty interests, are always disturbing and bungling everything. The instance in point is our slaughter of the birds, who if let alone, and not scared or shot away from our premises, would destroy the insects which now destroy more of our crops in one year than all the birds put together would in ten. It is to be hoped that this matter may be taken into consideration, and that the wholesale assassination of the little creatures that would guard our farms and orchards from their insect depredators, may be brought to a speedy end.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

The following rather amusing scene—not down in the bills—recently took place at *Wheeling, Virginia*:—

On Monday night, at the theatre, Miss Dora Shaw, in the middle of the first scene, (the Gazette states,) left Armand Duval standing in the middle of the stage, where the two had been talking very lovingly together, walked furiously and majestically up to the foot-lights, and declared that, as she was not properly supported, she would not play; she gathered up the folds of her costly dress, scowled upon Armand, and strode loftily from the stage. The audience was astounded—completely dumbfounded at the extraordinary conduct on the part of Miss Dora Shaw. Armand (Mr. Hanchett) stood quietly looking on during the enactment of this scene, and when it had concluded, he stepped forward, and in a quiet, unruffled manner, proceeded to say that the lady had studiously endeavored to render herself disagreeable to himself and the members of the company, and appealed to those present to decide as to the truth of the accusation made by the lady. Mr. Hanchett wound up with the remark that Miss Dora Shaw would never have the honor of appearing before those to whom he was speaking while the theatre remained under his management. His remarks were followed by vociferous demonstrations of applause, which indicated, for once in the world, that the sympathy was in the man's instead of the woman's favor. Another piece was then substituted, and the performances proceeded, despite the absence of Miss Shaw.

One credit, it seems to us, is due to Miss Dora Shaw, in the above case, and that is that she did not attempt to win the judgment or sympathies of the audience, by appealing to the fact that she was a woman. Too often, in such cases, ladies attempt to carry their point, by calling attention, directly or indirectly, to the fact that they are ladies. Now, it seems to us, that justice is justice, fair dealing is fair dealing, whether it be between a gentleman and a lady, or between two gentlemen. So the Wheeling audience thought, it appears, in the above case—and we doubt not that the ladies present thought so just as strongly as the gentlemen. A lady, when she finds herself in the wrong should always confess it—and not attempt to blind the eyes of the beholders by fluttering the feminine drapery in their faces.

New Publications.

Sibyl; Or, Out of the Shadow Into the Sun. By Martha Russell. L. P. Crown & Co., Boston. For sale by J. W. Bradley, Phila.

We announced the coming of this work a few weeks ago. Its author, Miss Russell, has been for some years slowly and steadily winning her way into public favor, by the purity and beauty of her domestic tales. She is best known by a volume of stories entitled, "Tales of New England"—one of which in particular—"The Diary"—we remember with pleasure, as one of the best of its kind. It was a reminiscence of its great merit that led us to expect well of the present volume, which is, we believe, the longest story Miss Russell has written. Like her other tales, it has nothing of the cometary flash of so many fictions of the day, but rather a quality which has its image in the soft spring sunshine, or the quiet radiance of the star. A tender and thoughtful pathos is diffused throughout the more serious portions of the tale, which the dramatic action of the narrative, or its occasional graphic or passionate scenery, does not dissolve or disturb. In the lighter portions we have a peculiar quiet and mellow humor, which is rather a smile than a laugh. The Yankee *patois* of some of the characters is good—because perfectly true to nature, and not burlesqued. The characterizations, especially those that belong to New England, are felicitous;—Aunt Lydia Blair, for instance, in whom appears the type of the antique Puritan, or Mrs. Munroe and Culver, good sketches of rural Yankee character. The pictures of natural scenery here and there in the book, shows an intimate and friendly acquaintance with nature. We get the smell of the woods and fields, and see the country. Take, for instance, the following description, which has all the forms, colors, sounds and odors of the scene and the season:

"It was indeed a day for silent memories. The dear old woods which had shadowed their childish wanderings, each tree, familiar as a friend, stood up amid the still, solemn sunshine, in the gorgeous robes of early autumn; across the fields, gay with the delicate blossoms of the starwort, golden-rod, yarrow, and fragrant everlasting, the sunshine slept in long, golden bars, crossed here and there, with the deep black shadows of the hemlock and cedars, around whose trunks even to the topmost bough, crept the five-leaved ivy like a flame of fire; below, the bowl-shaped valley was filled with golden haze, and in the distance, with the stern outline softened to a most blessed benignity, the great granite face looked down upon them; while far in the distance, the mist-enveloped horizon melted into the blue sky above.

"A day for solemn memories! So calm and still; each sound so remote—so dreamlike; the stray leaves floating so slowly to the ground; the whirr of the partridge; the solemn pace of the robin, pecking at the red capsules of the wild roses; the whistle of the quail, mocking the ploughboy on the opposite hill; the monotonous, measured beat of the flail in Culver's barn; even the shrill cry of the barnyard fowls, seemed in that atmosphere unreal, phantom-like, a part of the great world of dreams, through which memory wanders like the gentle Moabitess gathering up the sheaves of the past."

With a striking pictorial effect, the above conveys the poetic sentiment and significance of the October landscape. Passages of equal descriptive felicity, occur frequently throughout the volume. Perhaps the most effective scene in the book is the death of old Lydia, which has a dark solemnity that verges on the sublime.

Characteristics of Women. By Mrs. Jameson. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Jameson's famous work on Shakspeare's Women as types of the sex, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields here give to the reading world, in one beautiful little volume, turquoise-colored, golden-edged, and clearly printed, and uniform with the editions of Tennyson and Longfellow, of which we have before spoken.

The Border Rover. By Emerson Bennett. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The scene of this volume is laid in Kansas and on the prairies. It is a picturesque and entertaining novel. One-Eyed Sam, the trapper, one of its main personages, is shown up with graphic effect.

Life Scenes from the Mission Fields. By E. D. Moore. C. Scribner, New York. For sale by Henderson & Co., Philadelphia.

A book of various anecdotes and facts connected with the different missionary enterprises.

The Cyclopedia of American Eloquence is the title of a forthcoming work from the press of D. Appleton & Co., New York, the design of which is to give, in a cheap and popular form, the best speeches of American orators and statesmen, together with biographical sketches and illustrative notes. The work is to be illustrated with fine steel engravings, and is to be had only by subscription.

A Key to the Geology of the Globe, (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) is the title of an essay of remarkable interest and wide knowledge, by Richard Owen, M. D., Professor of Geology and Chemistry in Nashville University. It is designed to show that the structures of the earth's crust were the result of forces acting according to fixed laws, analogous to those governing the development of organic bodies. The work is apparently well worth the attention of persons interested in scientific subjects.

The Horticulturalist, for May, a monthly journal of art and taste, filled with excellent and interesting matter, comes to us from the publisher, Robert P. Smith, Phila.

The Olive Branch; Or, White Oak Farm. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Appleton's Railway and Steam Navigation Guide. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

The Saturday Evening Post.—We have no hesitation in directing the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Deacon & Peterson, proprietors of this old and sterling Weekly. It is worth all the flash pictorial weeklies put together; and we are pleased to see that a newspaper which in early boyhood first puzzled us with conundrums and charades, and charmed us with tales of love and war, still maintains its ascendency in the tone and quality of its matter, and keeps its place in the estimation of all thinking people. We see also with pleasure, that the *Saturday Evening Post* is eminently successful, and has become a rich possession to its enterprising proprietors.—*Pittsburg Daily Journal.*

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 193—Adults 92, and children 101.

ANECDOTES OF FANNY KEMBLE.

The Boston papers are entertaining their readers with personal anecdotes of the eminent ex-actress, who has recently taken up her residence near that city. We quote the following:

Mrs. Kemble and Judge Bishop.—Judge Henry W. Bishop, of Lenox, had a very vicious horse, which, among other bad habits, had that of lying down with his rider, and kicking and biting in a most violent way. So the Judge sold his horse; but not many days afterward, he was surprised to see him standing at the hotel door in Lenox, with a side-saddle upon his back. Having learned that Mrs. Kemble was proposing to ride him, the Judge felt it to be his duty to remonstrate with her. So he waited until she came down, and then informed her plainly as to the characteristics of the animal, and hoped she would not think of mounting him. "There's a great deal of difference between you and me, Mr. Bishop," said the lady. "When you are on the horse's back, he knows you are afraid of *him*, and when *I* am on his back, he knows *he* is afraid of *me*."—*Traveller.*

Eccentricities of an Ex-Actress.—One of our celebrated book firms recently sent a magnificent volume of Shakspeare's Works to the address of an *ex-actress* who has figured rather conspicuously the past season in this city. The *amiable* lady told the bearer of the work to give her compliments to Messrs. —— & ——, and tell them Mrs. —— *never receives gifts from tradesmen.* Pretty good for one whose grandfather was hair-dresser to a *corps dramatique.*

At a *soiree* given by one of our highly esteemed citizens, a few evenings since, the gifted authoress of a tragedy which has been the subject of much comment, and the ex-actress were invited guests. It appears that the ex-actress entertains much hostility of feeling towards the authoress. As strange as it may seem, on the occasion alluded to, the carriage of the latter just preceded that of the former, and the two ladies met on the steps of the mansion. No sooner did the ex-actress recognize the authoress, than she cried out, in a voice only such as —— —— can control, "Here, driver! coachman! take me home!" and the authoress entered the house, while the ex-actress entered her carriage, amid the merriment of several spectators.

[Probably the above authoress was Mrs. Howe, whose poem upon Mrs. Kemble in her recent volume, is, in portions of it, not in the best taste. —*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

On a late railroad trip to a neighboring city, the ex-actress was among the passengers. Just behind her was seated an elderly lady, who became greatly annoyed by the sparks and dust that came in through the open window raised by the ex-actress. In a lady-like manner the old lady closed the window, when the reader of Shakspeare turned round and exclaimed, in such startling emphasis as aroused the attention of every one in the car: "Woman, if you do that again, I'll break the glass!" Up went the window, and the old lady, trembling with affright, took a back seat.—*Bee.*

COLLEGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Professor D——, of —— University, a good scholar and an excellent rhetorician, was often annoyed, in the class recitations, by loud stamping from some of its members, in manifestation of their applause. The evil was not fully remedied until one morning, when, in the silence which ensued after a tremendous plaudit, the professor calmly remarked:

"Gentlemen, this is a display of *physical* rather than of *intellectual* force."

Whoever has heard Professor D—— before his class, will recall many a happy illustration of a difficult theory in the most difficult of sciences —chemistry. His illustrations of the *unpenetrability* and the *indivisibility* of an atom of matter I never saw surpassed.

"Imagine," said he, "an axe large enough and sharp enough to cleave the world at a single blow, and imagine this axe brought down, with tremendous force, upon an atom. *Would it crack it?*"

"No," was the answer from a fully enlightened mind.

"Again," he continued, "suppose the *sun* and the *earth* to be perfect spheres, which, of course, touch each other only at a single point. Now, imagine a *single atom* placed upon the sun, and that the centrifugal force of the earth be destroyed, where would it go?"

"To the sun," was the reply.

"Yes. Then let the earth, with all its force, strike right square, plump down upon the atom, *would it crack the atom?*"

"No," was the reply.

No student, after such an illustration, could plead that he did not understand what was meant by *indivisibility.—Rhode Island Schoolmaster.*

☞ A farmer near Binghampton, N. Y., last year, in order to convince a neighbor of the usefulness of birds, shot a yellow bird in his wheat field, opened its crop, and found in it 200 weevils, and but four grains of wheat, and in those four grains the weevils had burrowed.

☞ A young thief, who was charged, the other day, with picking pockets, demurred to the indictment, "for that, whereas he had never picked pockets, but had always taken them just as they came."

☞ The Bishop of Moray has started the opinion that Noah founded the Chinese Empire. Others have supposed that Noah first introduced salt provisions into the navy, as he took *Ham* into the ark; and there is no doubt that he invented sweemeats, as nearly all he carried were "preserved pairs."

☞ The Miser's Wish.—An old miser, who had a footman that had a good appetite and ate fast, but was slow when sent on a message, used to wish that his servant would eat with his feet, and walk with his teeth.

☞ One-Eyed Logic.—A man with one eye laid a wager with another person that he (the one-eyed person) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted. "You have lost," says the first; "I can see two eyes in your face, and you can only see one in mine."

☞ He that hath wife and children, hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.—*Bacon.*

☞ "Shall I cut this mutton saddle-wise?" said a gentleman, carving. "No," said his friend, "cut it bridle-wise, for then we all may chance to get a *bit* in our mouths."

☞ A down East editor advises his readers, if they wish to get *teeth inserted*, to go and steal fruit where his watch-dog is on guard.

☞ A writer in Blackwood says that every man that is not a monster, a mathematician, or a mad philosopher, is the slave of some woman or other.

Paris Letter.

MARIE;

Or, The Queen of the Washerwomen.

Paris, April 16th, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Alas for our hopes of grapes! To the sunshine of last week has succeeded the malign influence of the *lune rousse*, which falls very late this year, and we are shivering at a temperature not much above freezing point, with hurricanes of rain, sleet, hail, and snow coming down every two hours, and keeping us in all the horrors of a Paris winter, second edition. Meteorologists, after much cogitation on the subject of this periodic chill known as the "red moon," from the reddish-brown appearance observable, in the form of a halo, round that luminary, have at length come to the conclusion that there exists in the regions tenanted just now by our system, a vast belt of cloud and mist, revolving about the sun, and through which we are obliged to pass in the course of our own revolution. The motion of this belt not being coincident with that of our globe, we sometimes enter this belt a little earlier, and so get over the infliction during the winter, which is all very well; sometimes a little later, when we find ourselves treated to a supplementary addition of cold and snow, as now, much to our sorrow. The only consolation of our present misery is the fact that we have had a good deal of heavy thunder; and the old proverb of the wine-growing districts says,

Thunder in April's a certain sign
The barrels will prove too scant for the wine!

The washerwomen, however, are reaping their harvest now. Since Louis Napoleon has had the principal arteries of the town macadamized, (so that the people may not have paving-stones at hand to build barricades with,) the army of mud-scrapers employed in cleaning the streets proves utterly inadequate to the work; and Paris, on rainy days, is a lake of liquid mud, from one end to the other; and even the clean-footed Parisiennes cannot go through this without incurring certain results demanding the intervention of the *blanchisseuse.*

The ancient corporations, so conspicuous a feature of society in the middle ages, still linger in the memory of the present; and the washerwomen of Paris, like most of the other trades of the capital, have their patron saint, and their annual festival in his honor. The *fete* of the washerwomen has just taken place here; and was held, as usual, in the largest of the floating wash-houses with which the surface of the Seine is disfigured between the bridges in the neighborhood of the Tuileries and Notre Dame. But I am beginning a little story at the wrong end; and must begin a new paragraph to get it into shape, and to show your readers how I come to know something of the *fete des Blanchisseuses.*

A few days ago I had to make a call in a remote part of the town, (the quarter called *le marais*, from its having formerly been a waste of marshy ground) full of intricate streets containing the old buildings, which, in other times, housed religious communities, noble lords and fair ladies, noted wits, and men of letters, but now has become exceedingly unfashionable, and honored only by the residence of Beranger, whose poverty compels him to put up with a very modest lodging. I left home under the pleasing illusions called up by a sudden burst of sunshine, but had scarcely entered the omnibus when down came a deluge of rain and sleet; so that, when I alighted in the tortuous and gloomy precincts of St. Catherine-in-the-Marshes, I found myself wading through a couple of inches of mud. The rain had ceased, and I was busily picking my way through this Slough of Despond, staring up at the corners of the streets for indications of my way, when I unluckily dropped my handkerchief, which fell, as luck would have it, exactly into the gutter, where it was soaked and blackened, instantly, as though dipped into the Styx. But it was a very fine one and quite new; I could not resign myself to the thought of leaving it to its fate, and so fished it out, dripping and dirty, on the point of my parasol. But what was I to do with it, for I could not carry the unhappy little rag on my parasol through the streets, nor could I get into an omnibus with such a dangerous appendage. Remembering how prompt and obliging are the washerwomen here, I looked round in eager hope of deliverance, and espied, to my great satisfaction, a washerwoman's *boutique* only a few paces off.

I went in, as your fair readers will easily imagine, without delay, and holding out my parasol at arm's length, explained the accident that had befallen me, and inquired of the young woman, who was ironing busily, aided by a couple of apprentices, whether she could at once wash out, and dry, my unfortunate bit of batiste. This, with evident sympathy, the young mistress of the place at once promised to do; my parasol was freed of its disgrace, and the victim of wind and mud was plunged into a refreshing and purifying bath in a dark little recess, opening out of the shop, and in which I could dimly perceive a host of tubs, and a great splashing of soapsuds.

A large stove, garnished with flat-irons, and all the various instruments of the ironer's craft, occupied the centre of the boutique; the walls were hung with voluminous petticoats, flounced to the waist, and richly embroidered; garlands of stockings, collars, and handkerchiefs hung from the ceiling; and piles of linen, white and shiny, were lying on the dressers, ready to be packed in great square baskets, and carried home. My good angel was evidently a thriving person in her way.

She was a young woman of about two-and-twenty, not handsome, but with a pleasant, intelligent face, a trim, neat figure, neatly dressed, glossy black hair, and black, soft-looking eyes. She looked sad, and before long, with the communicativeness of a true Frenchwoman, she began to tell her history, as I sat by the stove, watching the various processes to which my small piece of property was being subjected.

"Madame has heard of the *fete des Blanchisseuses?*" she inquired, after volunteering the remark that my misfortune was but a slight one, and would soon be repaired, whereas she would be a long time, oh! a very long time indeed, before she could hope to repair the troubles that had befallen *her.*

"Madame has heard of the *fete des Blanchisseuses?* The ball and supper that we have every year, in the great *lavoir* just above the Ile St. Louis beside the quay? That fete has been the desolation of my life; and I shall never hear of that day without sorrow. We always choose a queen for the day; and she who has the honor to be chosen, is expected to pay a handsome sum towards the supper and expenses. *Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" she continued, with a sigh, "so many young girls, much prettier than I, are dying with envy and jealousy every spring, and would give the eyes out of their head to be chosen queen of the fete; while I, who never wished for it, and who had so often said to myself, 'Marie, if thou shouldst be chosen queen, thou will *tout bonnement* refuse the honor,' must be chosen by my mates, without my ever having wished it."

"But it is certainly a compliment to be chosen among so many," I remarked; "and I thought that the washerwomen were always very ambitious of this honor."

"Madame is right," replied Marie; "in general, this, however, is greatly coveted by the washerwomen who have managed to lay something by; for it is the purse, after all, that pays the honor. But I had made up my mind to save my money, and not to let it be thrown away on any idle amusement. Not that I am close or stingy by nature; I hope I am as free as most people from that ugly defect. But, the truth is, that I had been promised, for two or three years, to an excellent young man, a blacksmith, whom I have known from my childhood; and Jean, though an excellent workman, and very saving and careful, was too poor to furnish a house, for his mother is paralytic, his father old and infirm, and there has always been a houseful of young brothers and sisters to look after, and Jean has been, one may say, both father and mother to them all. I never minded all this; for although it kept Jean without a sou, I always said to myself, 'a good heart is better than riches; and if Jean is so good a son, and so good a brother, he can never make a bad husband.' The children would soon be able to work for themselves; and when we were married, we should take the parents into our house and make them comfortable. So I worked hard, and put by my money, to be ready when the time came for wanting it. I had done very well; I had bought furniture enough for two rooms, and had a nice press-full of linen; and six spoons of real silver. Besides this I had five hundred francs in the bank. As you see, I was doing very well.

"Last year, to my sorrow, I was chosen for queen. It was known that I had money, and I think that was why I was chosen. I said I could not be queen, and they must choose another. But Jean was very proud of the honor, and set his heart on my being queen, after all. 'But it will take all my money.' 'Honor is better than money, and I shall be so proud to see my little Marie at the head of the ball!' And so, to please Jean, I consented, but with a heavy heart; for I could not help fancying this ball would bring me some ill-luck or other. I wonder, now, how I could have consented; but Jean would have it so, and he is so good I could not bear to disappoint him.

"*Eh bien!* I was queen, then, and a beautiful fete it was! The great boat was cleared out from one end to the other, and boarded over, so as to make a fine, even floor. The ceiling and sides were hung with gay draperies; garlands of flowers, chandeliers, and long mirrors hung against the walls; it looked like a tent, but very bright and splendid when it was lighted up. The supper was set out in another *lavoir*, moored close to the great one; and we went into it over a bridge of planks nailed down for the occasion. Every one paid me compliments; all the young men asked me to dance, and Jean was as proud as a cock to see me in my white dress, and with a crown of white roses that I wore on my head. But I could not be merry; and every time I saw myself in the mirrors, I felt sadder than ever. Jean laughed at me, and tried to make me laugh, too; but it was stronger than I, and I could not shake it off. The ball was kept up until six o'clock next morning, and very little work was done next day by the *blanchisseuses.*

"That ball cost me four hundred francs," resumed Marie, as she shook my recovered handkerchief, and spread it before the stove to dry. "'We will soon make up the sum,' said Jean, when he saw how sorry I was to have lost, in a night, the money I had been working hard for years to scrape together. I said nothing, but I felt that we had done wrong. And I was not mistaken.

"Jean's father, a brave old man as ever lived, but too good-hearted, had been persuaded to sign for a friend of his, who was setting up a new business, of which he told him mountains and marvels. Jean was out at the time, unfortunately; and when he went home it was too late. The old man had signed a deed, little thinking what a danger he was running for us all; for he had set his heart on my marrying Jean that summer, and thought we were waiting longer than we needed. 'You will never be younger, my children; Jean has worked enough for his family, and now I should like Marie to name the day.' So I had promised Jean to marry him at Michaelmas; when the unlucky ball came on, and spoiled all our plans.

"For the friend who was to do such wonders with his new business, and to give I don't know how much to Jean's father for the share he had taken in helping him by signing the paper, failed, and ran away, and Jean's father was obliged to pay or go to prison. If I had still had my money, we could have paid it, by selling all we had; but now it was impossible. We had no friends who could help us, for all were hard-working *ouvriers* like ourselves. But Jean could not let his old father be shut up in prison; and so he determined to offer himself as a *remplacant*;* for the *conscription* was just over, and Jean, *to our great joy, had drawn a lucky number. We little thought* it would be his fate to go into the army so soon, after all!

"Jean, being strong and likely, was engaged at once, and his regiment was ordered to Algiers a week after. The blow was so sudden we had hardly time to know where we stood before he was gone. He was so cast down, poor fellow, to think how much of this sorrow was of his own doing, (by forcing me to be queen, and thus losing my money,) that I had not the heart to let him know what a grief his going away was to me. Ah, it was a sad evening that we spent together, before he went! And when I think that he will be gone five years more, and of all the things that may happen, I almost lose my courage. But I say to myself, '*Allons, mon enfant!* No nonsense, if you please! You must work hard while Jean is away, to grow rich again before he comes back.' And I have the parents to see to, and the children all look to me very much, although they are now growing up, and will soon be thinking of getting married themselves."—Here poor Marie heaved a sigh; for she probably thought that they might all be in homes of their own before Jean was released from his term of service. "And who knows what may happen to Jean?" she resumed, sadly. "He may be ill, with only his comrades to look after him; and the lions, and the bullets, they often carry off the best man!" And poor Marie sighed more heavily than before.

"You must keep up your courage, and hope for the best. Jean may rise, and come back to you with epaulettes on his shoulders, and the cross on his breast. And then it would be your turn to be proud!"

"And Jean is so brave, and so much beloved!" she rejoined, with a smile. "But, nevertheless, I would rather he had not gone so far in search of glory. We should have been quite as happy without epaulettes!"

By this time, my handkerchief, dried and ironed, had resumed its pristine whiteness, and I had the pleasure of being able to return it safely to my pocket. I therefore rose from my seat by the stove, and thanking Marie for the good will with which she had served me, I slipped a piece of money into her hand. It was more than she expected, though no very great sum; and she began to feel in her apron-pockets for change.

"I don't want any change," said I, moving towards the door.

"But madame cannot mean to pay me so much for so slight a service?" exclaimed Marie, opening her black eyes in surprise.

"In the first place," said I, "you have kindly interrupted your work to help me in my distress; in the next place you have enabled me to save a valuable handkerchief that would have been lost but for your help; and in the third place, let me have the pleasure of thinking that my piece of money will go with the rest of your earnings awaiting the time of the soldier's return."

"Madame is so *amiable* that I dare not insist," returned the young washerwoman with all the politeness so often met with in her class in this country. "And I shall never put any money into my money-box without thinking of madame's kindness!" she added, with a Frenchwoman's readiness at turning a compliment, as she showed me out of the *boutique*, and gave me the necessary direction for finding my way to the street in which my friends were living.

I have left myself no room to enumerate all the royal and imperial heads whose visit is confidently looked for here, his Majesty of all the Russias being among them. His brother's visit will have opened the way, and his mother's will follow.

Madame Ristori has just appeared in a new character, that of Ottavia, in the play of Alfieri. As usual, a cold, detestable piece, only redeemed by the marvellous power and passion of la Ristori.

QUANTUM.

* A substitute, who takes the place of those who are unwilling to serve.

THE ITALIAN PULPIT.

The Italian preacher is as much an actor as the Italian comedian. His gestures, his postures, the play of his voice, the changes of expression in his face, the adjustments of his dress, are half, often wholly, theatrical. The prim monotone of the English pulpit, and the pious drawl of Puritanism, are a long remove from even the most respectable style of Italy. The preacher is not afraid to shout, to start, and to sigh in the pulpit. Now his voice is a cry which echoes back from the lofty arches, or lingers ringing like the *Miserere*, and now it drops to a whisper, which is felt rather than heard. As he tells some thrilling tale, which works up to its climax, lifting himself as his story goes on, you can see in what anxious suspense he holds his hearers. It may be, as we remember, the scene of the judgment of Solomon between the rival mothers. How the congregation shudder, when the sword seems to fall, before their eyes, upon the living child! In what breathless silence they listen for the verdict! How speedily, too, the painful tension is removed by some quaint remark, which sends a smile running over the face of the crowd, like the sunshine after the passage of a summer cloud over a meadow. The Italian preacher does not disdain a laugh for himself or for his hearers, though he loves more to move them to tears. His style is the impassioned style, but it has its numerous points of relief. Its tone is adapted to its theme, and it has not the plaint of a dirge when it tells of heaven and holiness. The thorough knowledge of his discourse, before he enters the pulpit, enables the preacher to speak with more ease and freedom. He has not to decipher a manuscript by the "dim religious light," but it is all in his memory before it falls from his tongue. The imitations of Catholic architecture in some of our churches have proved to be severe trials to our reading preachers; but the gray dusk of a Roman November helps the preacher to produce his effect. There is nothing more impressive than an afternoon discourse in Advent in one of the old Roman churches, where the preacher's voice and form seem, in the vast peopled space, a spectral shape and utterance, contrasting with the marble forms which stand so silently.—*Christian Examiner.*

☞ A man was recently arrested in Kansas for stealing a cow and a bee gum. The jury, to facilitate matters, put both charges in one indictment, and convicted him of stealing the cow. He took an appeal. The justice, in making up his docket, made the following report of the case: "The defendant in the case found guilty; he beats us on the bee gum, when we catch him on the cow."

☞ A parent who strikes a child in anger is like a man who strikes the water—the consequences of the blow are sure to fly up in his own face.

☞ The Moustache Movement.—*Alphonso.* "You find your moostarchers a great comfort, don't you, Tom?" *Tom.* "Well! Yes! But I'm afraid I must cut 'em; for one's obliged to dress so dooced expensive to make everything accord!"—*Punch.*

☞ Some conversation occurring during the Kalloch trial about the character of the house at which he had stopped, Simcoe, who was present, said that the evidence was all in favor of the establishment, "for," said he, "from the many crevices the witnesses peeped through, I should judge that there could be no mistake about its being a crack hotel."

☞ The manner in which they weigh a hog out West, it is said, is to put the hog in one scale and some stones in the other, and then to guess at the weight of the stones.

☞ The phrase log rolling comes from the practice of the men of three or four different camps of lumbermen in Maine, uniting to help each other roll their logs to the river, this being the most difficult part of their work.

☞ "Hip, hip, hurrah!" was originally a war cry, adopted by the assailants of a German city, in which many Jews had taken refuge. The place was taken and they were all put to the sword, amid shouts of *Hierosolyma est perdita!* and from the first letters of these words an exclamation was contrived.

☞ Youth and age have too little sympathy with each other. If the young would remember that they may be old, and the old remember that they have been young, the world would be happier.—*Burton.*

THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES AND THE MILK WOMEN.

A Galactometer is an instrument to test the purity of milk. Now 'Ometers in general are displeasing to the popular mind. Gasometers blow up; barometers foretell bad weather and tempests, which come quite soon enough without being foretold. Electrometers, anemometers, saccharometers, and hygrometers, are standing puzzles to plain-spoken folk. A galactometer has recently had the effect of frightening a whole army of cowkeepers, in this wise.

The French authorities profess to be very severe in punishing adulterations of every kind, which "every" of course includes the adulteration of milk. Every now and then the police make an onslaught on the falsificators, and the galactometer is the offensive weapon.

One morning lately, the housewives of Douai were not a little surprised to find that not a single milkwoman arrived with the daily supply for breakfast. The explanation of their absence was, that for two days previously the pitiless police had declared war, without quarter, against the milk-dealers, male and female. The grand question for the historian to ponder is, Was the war of the milk-pails a just war, or an unjust one? The following details may help to solve the difficulty.

A couple of milkwomen were politely accosted, and requested to lift the lids of their cans. The galactometer was successively plunged in the vessels; and the indiscreet little instrument declared that the first can contained one-fourth of water, the second can one-third of the same. *Procès verbaux*, or informations which involve costs and fines, were the consequence of this opening experiment.

Next day, the galactometer presented itself at the gate of the city, which is called the Porte de Valenciennes. It tested the first can that attempted to enter, and proved an advancement in yesterday's sophistications. This time the tell-tale betrayed the presence of water in the modest proportion of just one-half. Really the temperance movement had gone a little too far.

Meanwhile several persons who were going out of town, and who had watched the proceedings, were instigated by a sentiment of humanity to warn all the milkwomen whom they met coming in from the country. The ladies came to a stand-still; their halt was significative; it was a simple confession that they, innocent lambs, were in no hurry to throw themselves into the jaws of the wolf.

But no crime, we are told, goes unpunished, not even the petty offence of adulterating milk. Other travellers, who were coming from the country into the town, remarked the sudden stoppage of the milk-folk, and informed the police of the circumstance. Finding that they awaited their victims in vain, the officials rushed out of the city-gates, to give battle to the delinquents. But their uniform was instantly recognized, and the alarm was given in the enemy's camp. A sudden panic seized the crowd, resulting in a general flight; the carts were twisted right-about face; horses, asses and mules, received showers of unmerciful whippings and cudgellings; there was a universal rout, helter-skelter, topsy-turvy, the result of which was a grand *tableau-vivant*, resembling a battle-piece in everything but its sublimity.

A milkman, who had nothing but his legs to aid his escape, was arrested; of course his wares were more than doubtful. The contents of his cans were poured out on the ground, and by way of recompense he got a *proces-verbal.* And this is how it happened that milk for coffee was scarce at Douai that sorrowful morning. As a consolation, next day, the citizens were regaled with what appeared to them as the richest of cream.

TILLING SIDE HILLS.

In the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post of Feb. 9th, there is an account of the plan pursued by the Chinese for cultivating mountains and hill-sides, that reminded me forcibly of a similar practice I saw in England years ago, on the old Roman fortifications. The Romans when there erected strong fortifications to keep a foothold; these fortifications, in many parts, are as perfect as when first made, yet few are aware of the manner of their construction. The Chinese plan of terracing is precisely like it—each terrace rising about six or eight feet; from the edge of one terrace to another the level is about twenty or thirty feet. The face of these terraces is of sod, and nearly perpendicular. These terraces rise one above another to an immense height, and are generally situated on some narrow defile, or where a good look out may be obtained. These flats are often cultivated, and I have seen heavy crops grown on them. Some years ago I was travelling on foot in Dorsetshire, and came across one of these old fortifications, and wishing to make quick work—descended from one flat to another in a direct line; these terraces were about eight feet, which was descended with lightning speed; not taking the precaution of looking before descending, I came down plump on an husbandman who was at work on one of the terraces below, frightening him much, but not injuring him further than a waste of time. In applying manures on such lands, it is put in pots or boxes, one each side across a horse's back—these pots have bottoms on hinges, with strap and staple to the same, by means of which the contents are easily discharged—in this manner the land is kept in good condition, yielding great crops.—W. B., in *Country Gentleman.*

Washington City Described.—Washington, people say, ought not to have been built on that low, unhealthy spot. But the truth is, Washington is a mistake all round. It was not meant to stand where it does. The city was laid out on a fine elevated plain, but the inhabitants perversely went down to live in the marsh. The consequence is a jumble. Magnificent paved streets leading nowhere. Gas lamps lighting potato fields. The majestic Capitol fronts waste their beauty on the desert air; whilst Congress climbs to its august deliberations up the back stairs. The navy, wharves, and workshops are two miles out in the country. The President's country seat is in the heart of the town. The sixth ward is chiefly used for grazing cattle. The Monument towers up in a hollow. The grand Avenue runs along the main drain of a swamp, and hotels keep a constant supply of the Potomac in their cellars. Had the town stood where its founders intended, Anacostia, now a separate village, would have been embraced in it; and Georgetown, which now joins the very sidewalks, would have been a mile off. The city "set upon a hill," could not have been hid; and, from its commanding position, would have presented to the approaching traveller a more imposing appearance than either New York or Boston.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

☞ Fault-finders should be fault-menders.

ELECTRA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE CARY.

Eyes full of earnest love, and either way
From brows as pure and white as they could be,
Fell her long hair, and on her bosom lay,
Wide, like the golden light of charity!

Lips sweet as July cherries, and o'errun
With smiles that made the sunshine poor and pale;
Hands folded close, and not to be undone
Until the prayer that clasped them should prevail.

Low kneeling where the light and darkness vied
For prevalence, as if her perfect prayer
Had drawn the night out to the sunny side
Of his old cloudy house, and held him there.

BABY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Little babe, with folded hands,
And pale-lidded violet eyes—
With the smile of God shut in
That thou last didst look upon,
Earth-side the hills of Paradise—
Are there any flowers for me
In the undiscovered lands?
Any sign, whereby to know,
Where the spotless lilies blow,
Which about thy brows I see?
Little babe, in slumber deep,
By the greenest laurels won,
I would give them for thy sleep,
Free of any stain of sin,
And thy matchless purity,
With the world forever done!

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Pembroke Farm, April 22d.

Original Novelet.

THE WITHERED HEART.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1857, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXII.

Helen was in error. Her heart was not a sealed book. Edward Linton had unlocked the clasps, opened it, and written his name on the first page in characters never to be effaced—and it was all in vain that she tried to shut the book again, or turn her eyes away from the writing it contained. But it was her secret alone, and one that she meant to carry with her to the grave.

It would have required a colder temperament than that of Edward Linton, to find in the placid love we bear for sister or friend, anything like a substitute for the lover's ardent passion; or to live in almost daily association with the being dearer than all the world beside, and yet feel the doom of an abiding spirit-exile.

No truth was clearer than that Helen was the only woman he could ever love; and he was a man of so pure an ideal of life, and too high an appreciation of the sacredness of marriage, ever to wed from selfish or worldly considerations. He could never have said to any other living woman—"I love you"—for that would have been false; he could never have uttered vows of fidelity, when his heart was all another's—even though another's hopelessly.

For awhile, the young man continued to visit Helen as of old. But the sight of her only inflamed his passion, and made his life wretched. The quiet attentions of the brother and friend were forever losing themselves in the warmer actions of the lover; and these were as often repelled by a womanly reserve that was ice to his feelings. A year of such a life, in which he saw no change in Helen, except an increase of loving qualities, warned him, by its effect upon his state of mind, of the necessity, in mere self-protection, of an external separation. It would not do for him to meet her, except at remote intervals. As to forgetting her, that he neither desired nor sought. Hope was not dead in his heart. No, no! He had faith in the future—though it was so far away in the distance, that the brightness of its coming dawn was not yet visible on any of the cloud-topped mountains.

And so, Edward Linton removed himself, and stood afar off, with his eyes turned away. Very lonely was his life—lonely and hermit-like. But he was a thinking, earnest man; and, withal, one who, deeply conscious of the depressing force of hereditary tendencies, sought, through divine power, to rise into a higher life than that which we call natural—a life of spiritual qualities and perceptions. He read, and studied, and thought with an earnest, searching spirit. Happily, it was in the right direction. A new philosophy dawned upon his mind—not a mere natural, sensual, dark, and blinding philosophy, that never lifts itself above the clouds and darkness of this world; but a true, spiritual philosophy, bright, clear, and heavenly in all of its elucidations. As he pondered, light came into his perceptions, and the mystery of Providence gradually unfolded itself, until forms of order, wisdom, and beauty appeared, where, a little while before, everything was hidden or deformed.

Much, however, was yet seen darkly, and particularly dark was the Providence that separated him from one who should have been his married partner—of one, whose interior life remained in as stern an isolation as his own. This he could not comprehend—this troubled him. It had not yet come into his perceptions, although the truth was in his thought, that, to both of them, this painful discipline might only be a preparation for that true interior conjunction into which only purified spirits may enter.

As for Helen, the years went on with her very placidly, for all that the world, or even those who saw her daily, could perceive. Her sisters, under her loving care, and wise interposition of herself between them and an unwise, self-willed father, had passed through years of pleasant girlhood, up to woman's estate, and were all married well, so far as the words express a general sentiment. None of them possessed her acute feelings; none of them had spirits as finely attuned. Their husbands were men of ordinary mould; and both husbands' wives were satisfied with their choice. But the marriages were not such as gave any encouragement to Helen to venture her love-freighted vessel on the treacherous sea.

We have said that, so far as the world could see, the years moved on with Helen very placidly. But the world had no eyes for the interior life. Her heart kept, sacredly, its own secrets. The page on which Edward Linton had written his name, was yet unmarked by another word, and time had neither blurred the sheet nor dimmed the impression. Whenever she turned her eyes inward, she saw the inscription; and many a sigh had passed her lips, and many a tear had fallen, as she gazed upon it. For him she often grieved; rarely for herself! for well she had learned her lessons of endurance. When he ceased visiting her, she felt a kind of relief; and yet she missed his companionship, and there followed a sense of loneliness and desertion that was almost painful. But she subdued this feeling—at least made an effort to do so, and sought, in the many duties of maiden sister and maiden aunt—she was young for these distinctions—to find a tranquillity of spirit, sought for as a compensation for the higher pleasures to which every woman is born. But the voice of nature was never entirely silenced—the yearnings for a truer life were never fully repressed.

Time moved on apace, and there grew up around Helen, in the homes of her sisters, a band of young children, to whom she ministered with a loving care, and in whose eyes she ever appeared beautiful and good as an angel. At remote intervals, she met Edward Linton in company. He was still unmarried. He never approached her familiarly on these occasions; but after their rather cold and formal greeting, she would often, as she looked to the quarter of the room where he happened to be, find his eyes resting upon her, in a gaze so sadly earnest that it would haunt her for weeks afterwards. These meetings always disturbed her spirit, and threw questioning doubts into her mind. To herself, she had only been just. Self-protection was one of the laws of our being. But had she been just to him? Ah, that was a new view of the case. Was she not willing to make some sacrifice for one who loved her with an undying love—for one, all of whose life was desolate, because deprived of her companionship?

This was her state of mind when, one day, the husband of a sister, with whom she was spending a portion of her time, said, in her presence:

"I saw Mr. Linton off in the steamer to-day."

"Ah! Is he going to make the tour of Europe?" was asked.

"No; he goes to reside in London, as the representative of their house there."

"Permanently?"

"Yes. He told me that he hardly expected to return to this country within ten years."

No more was said. A close observer of Helen would have been in considerable doubt as to whether she had heard the few sentences that had passed between her sister and brother-in-law.

But she did hear them, and they disturbed her more profoundly than anything she had heard for years. As soon as she could retire without attracting attention, she did so, and withdrew to the seclusion of her own apartment.

"What does this mean?" Thus she spoke to herself, resolutely, laying her hand upon her bosom with a firm pressure. "What is Edward Linton to me, that the knowledge of his removal to another country gives me a quicker heart-beat?"

And she looked inward with a steady gaze. And what did she see? Only the image of Edward Linton! It must be a phantasy—she closed her eyes tightly, and then looked again. The image was more distinct, and the eyes were gazing into hers with all the love and tenderness that filled them when he took her hand in his years ago, and told her that she was dearer than all the world. How beautiful was the countenance! how full of manly dignity, of high honor, of pure sentiment! She gazed and gazed upon it, and could not turn her eyes away.

From that time there was a change in Helen, visible to all eyes. The exterior of her life had been very quiet, and very unobtrusive. But with the spoken word came always a pleasant smile, that lit up her face, and gave to it a peculiar sweetness. The first apparent change was the gradual failing of this smile; the next was the frequent occurrence of states of silence and abstraction—the cause of which, when questioned, she never attempted to explain.

After the lapse of a year, signs of failing health became visible, to the alarm of all her friends. Medical aid was sought, but the physician could discover no organic disease; nor was he able, by means of any remedies he could give, to change the condition of her system, from one of steadily increasing prostration, to healthy vital action.

Steadily the work of decline went on. At the end of the second year she was little more than the shadow of her former self. Change of scene and climate were now strongly urged by the physician as his only hope; and after long persuasion, Helen consented to accompany one of her sisters and her husband on a voyage across the ocean, with the ultimate design of visiting, should strength permit, France, Italy and Switzerland. On arriving in London, Helen was weaker than when she left America. The physician who was called in, declared that her lungs were seriously affected, and advised an immediate removal to the south of France. To Marseilles the party went in all haste, and there, in the land of the olive, the fig and the almond, on the shores of the Mediterranean, where the atmosphere was genial and balmy, the wasted invalid took up her residence for a brief period.

CHAPTER XXIII.

From Marseilles most of the party, after a few days, took a steamer for Italy, leaving Helen in the care of an English family, at the hotel, during the period of their brief absence. The pure, mild air acted upon her frame like an invigorating cordial. On her arrival, she was so feeble that she could not walk without an arm to lean upon; but, within a week, she had gained so rapidly, that she not only walked alone about her room, but through the house, and out into the gardens.

One afternoon as she sat reading by an open window, through which came fresh breezes from the sea, the chambermaid, a kind, warm-hearted girl, to whom Helen was indebted for numberless kind offices, came in, looking pale and excited.

"Poor gentleman!" she said, in tones of pity. "Oh, it was very sad!"

"What was sad, Jeanette? what about the poor gentleman?" inquired Helen.

"He looked so white as they carried him in their arms," said the girl; and tears came into her eyes. "They say he broke a blood-vessel in the cars, and came near dying."

"Who is he?" asked Helen with an awakening interest.

"I don't know. He is alone, I believe. They are going to put him in the room next to yours, and I have come up to tell you. So don't be frightened."

Helen turned pale for all this warning. Just then the sound of feet and smothered voices was heard on the stairs. Jeanette went into the passage; and Helen closed the door after her, and tried to shut out the sounds. But they drew nearer every moment. There she heard, in the next room, the heavy tread of those who bore the body. A slight shudder ran through her frame. For a time there was much walking to and fro, and the low murmur of voices. Then, one after another retired, until a deep silence reigned in the sick man's chamber.

After awhile Helen's door was pushed slowly open again, and Jeanette entered with a noiseless step.

"How is the sick man?" was inquired in a whisper.

"The doctor looks serious," answered the girl. "The poor man has lost so much blood, that he is afraid he will die. He says that everything must be kept very quiet in all the chambers."

"Is there no friend with him?" inquired Helen.

"None. He was alone in the cars."

"An entire stranger here?"

"Yes. Last spring a man was brought in as he was to-day—looking just as pale and deathly. But his mother was with him, and oh! how tenderly she nursed him night and day! The doctor said that nothing else saved his life—that if he had been left with one of our hired nurses, he must have died. Now this man has neither a wife, a sister, nor a mother to care for him, and I'm afraid he will die—poor gentleman! They are going to send for old Pauline to nurse him; but she is rough-handed, and deaf, and sleeps when she should be watching."

Jeanette shook her head as she closed the sentence.

"Have they sent for Pauline?" Helen asked, after sitting for some moments with her eyes cast down.

"I am to go for her," answered the girl.

Helen was silent, and looked thoughtful.

Jeanette moved towards the door.

"Where are you going?" said Helen.

"For Pauline."

There was a manner about Helen as if something was on her mind. The girl saw this, and stood with her hand upon the door. But the former let her eyes fall again.

"I will return soon," said the girl, more for the purpose of giving the lady an opportunity to speak what was in her thoughts if she desired to do so, than because she felt that any interest was taken in her movements.

"Stay!" As Helen looked up there was an unusual flush upon her cheeks, and an unwonted brightness in her eyes.

Jeanette removed her hand from the door, and advanced a few steps towards her.

"Don't go for Pauline," said Helen.

The girl looked at her wonderingly.

"Is the poor man very low?" asked Helen.

"Oh, yes. There is scarcely any life remaining."

"And Pauline, you say, is not a good nurse?"

"Pauline is old, and not very tender in her ways," answered Jeanette.

"And the poor sick man wants a gentle, tender, kind nurse?"

"He'll die," said the girl in a positive way. "And he won't be the first that has died in her hands either. I don't know why it is that they always will send for her—the hateful creature! I wish she were dead."

"Can't we nurse him for a day or two, Jeanette? I feel a great deal stronger and better; and if you will sit up part of the night, I will watch with him also."

The girl looked with surprise for some moments into the face of the invalid stranger, who, only a few days before, had scarcely sufficient strength to bear the weight of her own shadowy frame—then shaking her head she replied,

"No—no. It will make you sick; and, then, the doctor will never consent. The doctor says that Pauline must be his nurse—and he will be very angry if she is not sent for."

"Who is in the room with him now?" asked Helen.

"The doctor and Madame Le Brun."

Helen arose and moved towards the door with a firm step and a resolute air.

"Come with me," she said. "I am going to the sick man's room."

Jeanette, seeing that she was really in earnest, made no attempt to dissuade her from her purpose, but moved along by her side, and accompanied her to the adjoining chamber. The doctor and Madame Le Brun (the wife of the hotel-keeper,) looked wonderingly at Helen as she entered. She gave a polite, though silent salutation, and then moved noiselessly to the bed, though with a firm step—*walking in the way of duty*—and bent over to look upon the white face of the sick stranger. She stood thus only for an instant, showing no sign of feeling. But when she turned to the physician her face was as colorless as that of the exhausted invalid.

"It is too much for you," whispered Madame Le Brun, coming to her side quickly. "How could you bring the lady here!" she added, throwing a dark frown upon Jeanette.

Madame Le Brun attempted to lead Helen from the apartment, but the latter quietly waved her aside, and turning to the doctor, said, close in his ear,

"You need not send for Pauline. I will be his nurse."

The doctor shook his head, and Madame Le Brun protested; but Helen silenced all their opposition by repeating her declaration, and in a way that convinced them both that she was altogether in earnest. The brief discussion that followed, took place outside the chamber, where the party retired.

"We will send for Pauline," said the doctor. "You can assist her if you will."

"No—no!" was the firm, decisive answer. "Pauline must not be sent for! I will be his nurse."

"You cannot watch with him all the night. We must have Pauline," said the doctor.

"Pauline shall not touch him!" The flush had returned to her pale cheeks, and fire burned in her eyes. "I would not leave him alone with her for a single instant! Let Pauline stay where she is. If it is the price of nursing you wish her to receive, I will pay her all the same as if she were in attendance. And now, doctor," she said, speaking like one who had rights in the case, "I will receive any directions you have to give; and I promise you to observe them faithfully." In a lower voice, and for his ear alone, she added, "Save his life, doctor, if within the power of human skill, and your reward will be great!"

It was now plain to the doctor, in which direction his interests lay; and so giving up all opposition, he accepted the services of the self-constituted nurse, who took immediate charge of the sick man, and issued her directions with the firmness of one in authority. To Madame Le Brun she said,

"I wish Jeanette as my attendant. Charge what you will for her services; but let them be exclusively mine."

Madame Le Brun, surprised, and almost overawed, by the calm, dignified, resolute manner of her guest, so different from what it had been since the day of her arrival—a feeble, drooping invalid—yielded, without a sign of opposition, everything that was demanded.

When all this came to the ears of the English lady, in whose care Helen had been left by her friends during their brief absence in Italy, she attempted remonstrance. But the sentences she tried to utter, died on her lips ere half spoken; and she gazed, in wonder, upon the changed countenance and erect form of one who, when seen but an hour before, looked faint and drooping, like a weary pilgrim whose steps were going down hastily into the Vale of Shadows. It was to her a marvel and a mystery.

When the dimness of twilight came, and evening drew closer and closer her shadowy curtains, Helen took her place by the side of the sick stranger, and never left him a moment until the day dawned. Twice during the night, he coughed slightly, each time with a slight effusion of blood, which was checked by medicines left for the purpose and given instantly. Helen shuddered, as she thought how entirely his life was in her hands, and remembered what Jeanette had said of the old nurse Pauline.

When Jeanette came to relieve her in the morning, Helen showed no signs of weariness or exhaustion, and it required some persuasion to induce her to relinquish her post, and seek the refreshment of a few hours' sleep.

Not once during the night, had the sick man shown any distinct consciousness; not once had he opened his eyes, or spoken. Even during the two fits of coughing, and attendant flow of blood from his lungs, he only moaned feebly.

At ten o'clock, Helen awoke from a profound slumber. The lady, in whose care her friends had left her, was sitting by her bedside, and as she attempted to rise, placed her hand upon her and bore her gently but firmly back, until her head rested upon the pillow from which it had just been lifted.

"You have not had sufficient rest, Miss Hardy, after a night of watching. Lie still, and sleep again."

Helen looked at her for some moments, not fully comprehending the meaning of her words,

"Where is Jeanette?" she asked.

"She is with the sick man, who is sleeping."

This reply made all clear in an instant. Her heart struck a quicker measure, and the blood came warmly into her cheeks.

"How is he?" she asked, with an interest in her tones that could not be repressed.

"There is no change in him. He's scarcely moved, Jeanette says, since you left."

"Has the doctor been here?"

"Not yet."

"He should have called long ago."

Helen looked disappointed, and her voice betrayed anxious feeling.

"Hark!" she added, after a moment or two, and partly raised herself to listen. "Isn't that the doctor's steps?"

The sound of a man's feet was heard along the passage.

"Yes," she added, starting up, as the sound ceased, and the door of the adjoining room was heard to open. "And I must see him!"

Remonstrance was in vain. The lady might as well have talked to the wind. Helen arose, and throwing on a morning wrapper, went hastily from her own chamber to that of the sick man. She found the doctor at the bedside, looking, with a sober face, upon his patient.

"How did he pass the night?" he inquired, in a low whisper.

Helen stated, in a few sentences, what had occurred.

The doctor shook his head.

"Did he lose much blood?"

"No."

"You gave the medicine?"

"Yes."

"Right. And the bleeding ceased?"

"Almost instantly."

"He has had no nourishment?"

"None. What shall we give him, doctor?"

"Fresh cream. I should have ordered it last night. Let a spoonful or two of fresh cream be given every hour."

Helen looked at Jeanette, who went noiselessly from the room. In a few minutes she returned with a cup of cream. In the meantime, the doctor had felt the sick man's pulse, and pronounced its beat encouraging.

"He must be kept very quiet," was his injunction. "Much—everything, I might say—depends upon this. I will leave more medicine, to be given if the hemorrhage returns. And don't fail to give a spoonful or two of cream as often as at least once in an hour. I will call in again before night."

After the doctor retired, an effort was made to get Helen back again into her own room; but it was a fruitless one.

"It is useless to urge me," she answered the distressed lady-friend, who feared the most serious consequences. "My duty is here, and here I must remain. Do not feel any anxiety on my account. God never assigns to any one a duty without giving strength for its performance. The life of this sick man He has placed in my hands, and I will be true to my trust—true, even if certain that my own life were at stake."

The lady gazed upon her with mingled fear, wonder and admiration.

For several hours Helen remained a watcher by the sick man's bed, never failing to give the nourishment ordered by the physician. When the doctor came in the afternoon, he pronounced the symptoms more favorable.

"If he recovers, madam," he said, to Helen, impressively, "he will owe his life to you." A little while afterwards he asked:

"Who is to sit up with him to-night?"

"That will be my task," answered Helen.

But the doctor said:

"No, you are too feeble, madam. You will get sick. You will die. Jeanette must sit up!"

Helen smiled courageously as she replied:

"I will not leave him in the care of any one. I will watch through the night."

"But you were up all of last night."

"I have been sleeping to-day, and I will rest again this afternoon."

She could not be turned from her purpose, and so all opposition was withdrawn. Late in the afternoon she was persuaded to lie down, when she obtained over two hours of refreshing sleep.

She then relieved Jeanette, and watched through all the silent night in the sick man's chamber.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Not so still and death-like was the sick man. He moaned frequently, was restless, and had several slight attacks of coughing, which alarmed Helen fearfully. But no effusion of blood accompanied these paroxysms, greatly to her encouragement and relief. During the latter part of the night he was more composed, and slept.

Patiently his angel-like watcher kept her post, by his side, through all the weary hours. A little before day dawn, the restlessness returned, and with the low moanings heretofore attendant on this condition, was the occasional utterance of words and incoherent sentences.

What a quick start Helen gave, as her own name fell from his lips! Bending down, she looked into his face. But the eyes were closed. Again the pale lips moved, and again her name was spoken. It seemed as if a new life were born in her heart—a new life, with newer and sweeter emotions than had ever yet stirred the hidden depths of her feelings. Bending over the sleeper, she touched her pure lips to his forehead. Was it the kiss of a sister? Love and Duty united had given strength up to this hour. But now, Duty went out from the sick chamber—Love only remained, but love was stronger in her blessed isolation, than when her colder sister stood faithful at her side.

A new fear now took possession of Helen's mind. The life of the sick man hung only, as it were, by a single thread, which the slightest touch might sever.

Up to this time he had neither seemed conscious of where he was, nor of who were in attendance upon him. In the gradual flowing back of the current of life, that consciousness must come, and she trembled for the result.

The question of leaving him wholly in the care of Jeanette now presented itself; was viewed on every side, and held long in earnest debate. But there was danger in either alternative. He was yet too feeble to bear any withdrawal of the wisest attentions. There was the hourly danger of a recurring hemorrhage, in which, were his attendant sleeping, through oppressive weariness, he might suffocate.

Daylight came in, with its cold gray aspect; the wasted lamp no longer threw a shadow upon the wall; but still the patient watcher was in her place, every faculty of her mind alive. She feared to move, lest a sound should disturb the sleeper, and awaken him to conscious life. Her eyes were upon his pale face, every well-remembered feature of which had the old manly outline, and the old manly beauty, even though wasted by disease.

Tears came into her eyes, and she turned her face away in order to shut out the image for a moment, and recover that calmness which her position required. Back to the past her thoughts took a sudden leap, and she lost herself for many minutes among old remembrances. A movement in the bed recalled her to the present. She turned to her patient, and met his eyes, clear and intelligent, looking steadily upon her. An electric thrill passed through her frame.

"Helen! Helen!"

His lips moved, and the name was uttered in a half-whisper, and with the manner of one who feared that a sound might cause the vision in his eyes to fade away into airy nothingness. Helen only raised a finger to her lips, and looked a caution to be still.

"Helen!"

The name was repeated, and in a tone of deeper interest.

"Be calm, Edward—very, very calm. Your life depends upon it," she said, bending towards him, and speaking in a voice that betrayed nothing of the tumult in her breast.

A slight warmth came into his pale cheeks, and a brighter light into his eyes. Helen trembled, lest the quicker motions of his heart should send the blood with too vigorous an impulse into his lungs.

"You have been very ill, Edward," said Helen, speaking low and impressively—"and there must be no excitement. Now close your eyes—repress all feeling. There is a friend by your side who will not leave you in your weakness to the mercy of strangers."

"Where am I?" he whispered.

"In Marseilles." Helen placed a finger upon his lips as she answered his question. She then added: "Do not speak again, Edward. You are in Marseilles. In the cars from Avignon, you were taken dangerously ill, and on their arrival here, were brought to the hotel, where I was passing a few days. Thank God that you are recovering! But everything depends upon your freedom from excitement. Do not let all our care for you be in vain."

The sick man did not attempt to speak again, but fixed his eyes upon the countenance of Helen, never withdrawing them for an instant until her glance fell beneath the fascination of his gaze, and she turned her face partly away. When she looked at him again, the lashes had fallen upon his pale cheeks; and there was a smile upon his lips. In a moment or two he opened his eyes again, and they rested in such loving looks upon her face, that her heart began to burn within her, and the fluttering pulses to send the warm blood to mantle with a new beauty a countenance which, to Edward Linton, shone already with more than angelic loveliness.

When Jeanette came in, half-an-hour afterwards, to relieve Miss Hardy, the sick man was in a quiet slumber.

"How is he?" she whispered.

"Better," was replied.

"Has he spoken?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?" asked the curious girl. Helen evaded the question.

"I will take your place now," said Jeanette. "You must be very weary."

"I will remain a while longer," replied Helen. "Come back in an hour."

"Oh, no, no!" returned the kind-hearted girl. "You will make yourself sick." "I have slept soundly all night; and I am young and strong."

"I had rather stay for the present, Jeanette," said Helen, firmly. "I wish to be here when he wakes again."

After further vain efforts to induce the watcher to resign her place, Jeanette retired, at her request, from the room.

For nearly an hour Edward Linton slept on, breathing much firmer than before. He awoke with the name of Helen on his lips, and opened his eyes to see her face bending over him.

"It is no dream," he whispered, while a feeble smile played over his countenance.

"No, Edward," she answered back, in a whisper, "it is no dream, but a living reality. You are better, thank God!—but very weak. There must be no excitement—no exertion. Everything depends on perfect quiet of mind and body. Even thought must repose."

He made a motion to reply, but she laid a finger on his lips, saying,

"I enjoin the strictest silence."

A pleased smile went flitting lightly over his wan face; and his eyes looked up into hers tenderly and gratefully, where he read more than she wished to reveal.

"Do not leave me," he said, when Jeanette came in, and urged her to take some rest.

The girl turned to him quickly, and ere Helen could prevent her from speaking, said, with some warmth,

"She has already been up with you two whole nights. She will get sick and die. It is only a few days since she arrived here, so weak that she could not walk alone. This watching will kill her. I will stay with you, but she must go to her room and have sleep."

A shadow fell instantly upon the sick man's face.

"Go, Helen," he said, feebly. "Go! Don't think of me."

"You will find Jeanette very kind," whispered Helen, bending close to his ear; "she will call me, if I am needed. I will get a few hours' sleep, and then be with you again."

She laid her hand upon his forehead, and held it there with a gentle pressure for some moments. Then giving him one tender glance, she turned away and retired to her own chamber, but not to sleep. Thought was too busy—feeling too active—for mental oblivion.

"There is a Providence in this strange meeting," she said, as she pondered the past and the present. "Is it not wonderful that we should meet in this far off region, and under such peculiar circumstances? If he should recover, has not God made me the instrument in preserving his life?"

It was time for Helen to look down deeply into her heart, and she felt that this was so. It needed no wise one to inform her that Edward still cherished the old affection. And she doubted not, that life had gone on with him, since their parting, years before, in loneliness and isolation. The thought touched her with unwonted tenderness.

And how had life passed with her? Would she willingly live over the years of their separation? Had the days since she rejected with unwomanly firmness the suit of Edward Linton, been days upon which she could look back with pleasing remembrances? No, no! Not for herself—not for herself. She had been a kind sister, a loving aunt, a faithful friend, blessing others in her daily life as she walked, with unfaltering footsteps, the path of duty. But the green things of her own heart were withering all the while—the pleasant garden becoming a desert—the flowers fading ere half unclosed—the fruit dropping from the sapless branches. Over what a waste of being did Helen look back, with almost tearful eyes; and, as thought turned from the desolation of her own life to that of Edward Linton, and she remembered with what sad, hopeless eyes he had looked into her face, years before, when, from a false principle—originating in selfishness—she had said to him that she would never marry, the struggling affections of her nature broke the iron bands with which she had bound them, and all their freed impulses went springing to their goal.

Resistance, if she had felt inclined to resist, would have been vain. All other life was failing, and very feeble. The strength of old purposes was dying out, because, in suffering, they were exhausted. And now, this new life, which was seizing upon the decaying elements of the old false womanhood, and consuming them as stubble, was bringing to her spirit new hopes, new joys, new aspirations. It was like a second birth.

When Helen returned to the bedside of Edward Linton, she found the physician in attendance. He pronounced all the symptoms favorable, and said that his patient was much better than he had expected to find him. From this period, restoration progressed rapidly, and by the time the little party which had passed on to Italy, came back to Marseilles, he was able to sit up, and even to walk unassisted about the room. Not more surprised were they to meet their old friend, than at the remarkable change in Helen. They had left her wasted and feeble; but now her graceful form had gained its old erectness; the flush of a healthy heart-beat was in her countenance; the light of a new life in her eyes; and a smile of more than former beauty on lips long curved in sadness.

A week after the return of Helen's sister from Italy, a marriage was celebrated at the hotel, and on the next day the American travellers, diminished in number by the loss of one member of the party, started for the Rhone and Lyons, on their way back to England and America.

It was a month later before Edward Linton, whose health steadily improved, and his wife—the happiest wife living, we had almost said—left the soft, pure sea-breezes of southern France, and went to their home in London.

There is a Providence, intimate with every one—a Providence extending to the minutest particulars of our lives from the hour of birth to the hour of death. It is expressed with remarkable precision in the Divinely spoken words—"The very hairs of your head are numbered." Most persons err in their estimates of this Divine regard, and call providences dark and mysterious which shadow the natural life and disappoint the selfish affections. But these are the clouds which have a silver lining. It is behind these frowning providences that God hides His smiling face. All of His dealings with us—all of His permissions—have special regard to the elevation and purification of our spiritual natures; and in no case merely regard the pleasures of our natural lives. Until some degree of spiritual affection is born in us—some love of what is true and good, for its own sake—we are not able to see this, and, therefore, walk in darkness, and murmur against God, as did the Hebrews in the wilderness.

Painful as were the experiences of Edward Linton and his wife—sad and weary and almost desolate as a portion of their lives had been, each had an hereditary quality, which needed for its purification just this severe discipline.

He had grown wiser through the elevation of his understanding into the interior truths of spiritual wisdom, and she had grown more loving through self-denial, patience, and a devotion of her life to the work of blessing others. The union was a truer one than could have taken place in the earlier days of their companionship—for it was that union of souls which comes from a mutual perception of those wise and loving qualities which meet only once, and then conjoin forever.

LORD BYRON.—Lord Byron is still here, a very good fellow, very pleasant, always laughing and joking. An American gave a very good account of him in the newspapers, but said his head was too large in proportion, which is not true. He dined with me the day before the paper arrived, and four or five of us tried to put on his hat, but none could; he had the smallest head of all, and one of the smallest I ever saw. He is very compassionate and kind to every one in distress.—*Sir Charles Napier.*

THE WATCHING SPIRIT.

In youth I died, in maiden bloom;
With gentle hand Death touch'd my cheek,
And with his touch there came to me
A spirit calm and meek.

He took from me all wish to stay,
He was so kind, I feared him not;
My friends beheld my slow decline,
And mourned my timeless lot.

They saw but sorrow; I descried
The bliss that never fades away.
They felt the shadow of the tomb,
I mark'd the heavenly day.

I heard them sob, as, through the night,
They kept their watch; then on my ear
Amid the sobbing fell a voice
Their anguish could not hear.

I heard them whisper o'er my bed—
Another hour and she must die;
I was too weak to answer them
That endless life was nigh.

Another hour, with bitter tears
They mourn'd me as untimely dead,
And heard not how I sang a song
Of triumph o'er their head.

They bore me to the grave, and thought
How narrow was my resting-place;
My soul was roving high and wide
At will through boundless space.

They clothed themselves in robes of black;
Through the sad aisles the requiem rang;
Meanwhile the white-robed choirs of Heaven
A holy peean sang.

Oft from my paradise I come,
To visit those I love on earth;
I enter, unperceived, the door;
They sit around the hearth,

And talk in saddened tone of me,
As one that never may return.
How little think they that I stand
Among them as they mourn!

But time will ease their grief, and death
Will purge the darkness from their eyes.
Then shall they triumph, when they learn
Heaven's solemn mysteries. —*Titus.*

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN'S HEAD.

FROM WATSON'S MEMOIRS.

I employed Mrs. Wright to make an artificial head of Franklin, which was often the source of much amusement to me.

After it was completed, we were both invited to dine with Franklin, and I conveyed her to Passy in my carriage, she bearing the head upon her lap. No sooner in the presence of the doctor, than she had placed one head by the side of the other. "There!" she exclaimed, "are twin brothers!" The likeness was truly admirable, and, at the suggestion of Mrs. Wright, to give it more effect, Franklin sent me a suit of silk clothes which he wore in 1778. Many years afterwards, the head was broken in Albany, and the clothes I presented to the "Historical Society of Massachusetts."

An adventure occurred to Mrs. Wright in connection with the head, ludicrous in the highest degree; but, although almost incredible, it is hardly true. After the head had been modelled, she walked out to Passy, carrying it in a napkin, in order to compare it with the original. In returning in the evening, she was stopped at the barrier, to be searched for contraband goods; but as her mind was as free as her native American air, she knew no restraint, nor the reason why she was detained. She resisted the attempt to examine her bundle, and broke out in the rage of a fury. The officers were amazed, as no explanation, in the absence of an interpreter, could take place. She was compelled, however, to yield to power. The bundle was opened; and, to the astonishment of the officials, exhibited the head of a dead man, as it appeared to them in the obscurity of the night. They closed the cradle without further examination, believing, as they afterwards assured me, that she was an escaped maniac, who had committed murder, and was about concealing the head of her victim.

They were determined to convey her to the police-station, when she made them comprehend her entreaties to be taken to the hotel d' York. I was in my room; and, hearing in the passage a great uproar, and Mrs. Wright's voice pitched in a higher key than usual, I found her in a terrible rage, her fine eyes flashing. I thrust myself between her and the officers, exclaiming, "Ah, Dieu, qu'est ce qu'il y a?" An explanation ensued. All except Mrs. Wright, were highly amused at the singularity and the absurdity of the affair.

The head and clothes I transmitted to Nantes; they were the instruments of many frolics, inappropriate to my youth, but perhaps it is still safe to advert to them in my age. A few words will venture to relate.

On my arrival at Nantes, I caused the head to be properly adjusted to the dress, which was arranged in natural shape and dimensions. I had the figure placed in the corner of a large room, in a closet and behind a door. Before it I laid open an atlas, the arms resting upon the table, mathematical instruments strown upon it. A handkerchief was thrown over the arm-stumps; wires were extended to the closet, by which as the body could be elevated or depressed, placed in various positions. Thus arranged, the ladies and gentlemen were invited to pay their respects to Dr. Franklin, by candle-light. For a moment they were completely deceived, and all profoundly bowed and courtsied, which was reciprocated by the figure. Not a word was uttered, the trick was soon revealed.

A report was soon circulated, that Dr. Franklin was at Monsieur Watson's. At eleven o'clock the next morning, the Mayor of Nantes came in full dress, to call upon the renowned philosopher. Counsel, my worthy partner, being acquainted with the Mayor, favored the joke for a moment after their mutual salutations. Others came in; and all were disposed to gull their friends in the same manner.

The most amusing of all the incidents connected with this head occurred in London, whither I sent it, after the peace of 1783, when I established a bachelor's hall in that city. I placed the figure, in full dress, with the head leaning out of a window, apparently gazing up and down the street. Franklin had formerly been well known in that part of the city, and was at once recognized.

Observing a collection of people gathering at another window, looking at him, I ordered it flown. The morning papers announced the arrival of Dr. Franklin, at an American merchant's in Belleter Square; and I found it necessary to contradict the report. In the interval, several Boston gentlemen who were in the city, passed a wish to see the doctor. I desired them to call in the evening, and bring their letters of introduction, which they informed me they had here, expecting to see him at Paris. I continued measures with a friend to carry the harmless deception to the utmost extent, on this occasion.

Before entering, I apprised them that he was deeply engaged in examining maps and papers; and I begged that they would not be disturbed at any apparent inattention. Thus prepared I ushered them into a spacious room. Franklin was seated at the extremity with his atlas, and my friend at the wires. I advanced in succession with each, half across the room, and introduced him by name. Franklin raised his head, bowed, and resumed his attention to the atlas. I then retired and seated them at the farther side of the room. They spoke to me in whispers.

"What a venerable figure!" exclaimed one.

"Why don't he speak?" says another.

"He is doubtless in a reverie," I remarked, "and has forgotten the presence of company; his great abstraction must be his apology. Get your letters, and go up again with me to him."

When near the table, I said,

"Mr. B——, sir, from Boston."

The head was raised.

"A letter," says B——, "from Doctor Cooper."

I could go no further. The scene was too ludicrous. As B—— held out the letter, I struck the figure smartly, exclaiming,

"Why don't you receive the letter, like a gentleman?"

They were all petrified with astonishment.—But B—— never forgave me the joke.

ANECDOTE OF EMILY BRONTE,

SISTER OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE ("Jane Eyre.")

Mrs. Gaskill in her life of Charlotte Bronte, (author of *Jane Eyre*,) shortly to be republished by the Appletons', says:

"The helplessness of an animal was a passport to Charlotte's heart; the fierce, wild, intractability of its nature was often recommended it to Emily. Speaking of her dead sister, the former told me that from her many traits in Shirley's character were taken; her way of sitting on the rug reading, with her arm round her rough bull-dog's neck; her calling to a strange dog, running past, with hanging head and lolling tongue, to give it a merciful draught of water, its maddened snap at her, her nobly stern presence of mind, going right into the kitchen, and taking up one of Tabby's red-hot Italian irons to sear the bitten place, and telling no one, till the danger was well-nigh over, for fear of the terrors that might beset their weaker minds. All this, looked upon as a well-invented fiction in 'Shirley,' was written down by Charlotte with streaming eyes; it was the literal true account of what Emily had done. The same tawny bull-dog (with his 'strangled whistle,') called 'Tartar,' in 'Shirley,' was 'Keeper' in Haworth parsonage; a gift to Emily. With the gift came a warning. Keeper was faithful to the depths of his nature as long as he was with friends; but he who struck him with a stick or whip, roused the relentless nature of the brute, who flew at his throat forthwith, and held him there till one or the other was at the point of death. Now Keeper's household fault was this. He loved to steal up stairs, and stretch his square, tawny limbs, on the comfortable beds, covered over with delicate white counterpanes. But the cleanliness of the parsonage arrangements was perfect; and this habit of Keeper's was so objectionable, that Emily, in reply to Tabby's remonstrances, declared that, if he was found again transgressing, she herself, in defiance of warning and his well-known ferocity of nature, would beat him so severely that he would never offend again. In the gathering dusk of an autumn evening, Tabby came, half triumphantly, half tremblingly, but in great wrath, to tell Emily that Keeper was lying on the best bed, in drowsy voluptuousness. Charlotte saw Emily's whitening face, and set mouth, but dared not speak to interfere; no one dared when Emily's eyes glowed in that manner out of the paleness of her face, and when her lips were compressed into stone. She went up stairs, and Tabby and Charlotte stood in the gloomy passage below, full of the dark shadows of coming night. Down stairs came Emily, dragging after her the unwilling Keeper, his hind legs set in a heavy attitude of resistance, held by the 'scuff of his neck,' but growling low and savagely all the time. The watchers would fain have spoken, but durst not, for fear of taking off Emily's attention, and causing her to avert her head for a moment from the enraged brute. She let him go, planted in a dark corner at the bottom of the stairs; no time was there to fetch stick or rod, for fear of the strangling clutch at her throat—her bare clenched fist struck against his red, fierce eyes, before he had time to make his spring, and, in the language of the turf, she 'punished him' till his eyes were swelled up, and the half-blind, stupefied beast was led to his accustomed lair, to have his swelled head fomented and cared for by the very Emily herself. The generous dog owed her no grudge; he loved her dearly ever after; he walked first among the mourners to her funeral; he slept moaning for nights at the door of her empty room, and never, so to speak, rejoiced, dog-fashion, after her death."

INSECTS FOR MEDICINES.—Insects once occupied a place as important as herbs in the list of sovereign remedies. To take a wood louse or millepedes, perhaps, alive, and conveniently self-rolled for the occasion, was as common as to take a vegetable pill. Five gnats were administered with as much confidence as three grains of calomel. In an alarming fit of colic, no visitor with a drachm of peppermint could have been more cordially welcomed or swallowed than a lady-bird. Fly-water was eye-water, and even that water shunning monster, Hydrophobia, was urged to lap *aqua pura* by the administration of a dry cockchaffer. Like other dogs and drugs, these have all had their day in the world of medicine, but have left behind them that salutary bitter, the *Cantharides*, or Spanish flies of Europe, and the *Melac Chicorei*, used by the natives of the Celestial empire for the same purpose of drawing off terrestrial humors.—*Episodes of Insect Life.*

HOOPS IN KING GEORGE'S TIME.—Hooped petticoats from the time of George II. to the middle of the reign of George III. had become a subject of scandal. Ladies then, as at this day, outraged all decency in their dress; hoops in the middle of the last century began to be made of an oval form, and made such lumbonar projections on each side of the body, that the satirists compared a fashionable woman to a donkey with a pair of panniers. Wright says, in speaking of the many ingenious ways to accommodate ladies in getting into coaches, "are those with moveable roofs, and a frame and pullies to drop the ladies in from the top, so as to avoid the discomposing of their hoops, which necessarily attended their entrance into the door." Another great outery was that the ladies were too fond of "showing their bare necks and shoulders, and wearing their hoop-petticoats too short."—*Philadelphia Notes and Queries.*

SAMSON BOUND BY THE PHILISTINES.

"The Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison-house."

Samson, the son of Manoah, the first deliverer of Israel from the hands of the Philistines,—whose coming was announced by "a man of God," "with the countenance of an angel of God, very terrible," is presented in our engraving undergoing the punishment of his weakness and disobedience of the ordinance which that angel pronounced before his birth. Blinded, shorn, dishonored, and a slave, put to the vile service of the mule and ass,—heavily he treads the weary round of the mill. As a captive taken in war, he is compelled to put forth the remains of his indomitable strength in the service of his captors. And so he shall go on, until the symbol of his strength be again grown, and he cry out, "O Lord God, remember me."

Wearily he hales round the axis of the heavy grind-stone, in the dull mechanic circle forgetting the actuality of his fate, with blind face and eyes turned towards God, and deep in his heart the thought of possible revenge and death. So absorbed, his bearing has not warned him of the shouted threat and vengeful lash from the fierce slave kneeling in the front, whom the advancing beam threatens to overthrow on the floor of the pit. The armed guard who sits upon the shaft between the stone and the upright post of the mill laughs silently at the slave's peril, and looks in expectation of the effect of the impending blow across the bare chest of him who had slain a thousand Philistines with a bone. The governor of the gaol reclines behind, equally amused, scarce staying his act to drink in order to notice the result. The women jeer at the misery of Samson; other Gazarites press against the bars, shouting in mockery.

Mr. Armitage—of whose picture this engraving is a copy—is one of the few English artists who paint Scripture subjects, and one of the still smaller number who do so with anything like judgment and spirit. The picture shows his deep consideration of the example he has chosen; his power in illustrating the text, by the incident we have described; and of giving dramatic force and interest to the history.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Many of the newest children's dresses are elaborately ornamented with passementeries and embroidery in a variety of colors. Among the costumes just prepared for little boys between the ages of two and five there are several composed of a light kind of cloth in some bright color. One of these is figured with wreaths and bouquets, worked, in imitation of Indian embroidery, with silk of different colors lightly intermingled with gold. Others, of a plainer style, are embroidered with silk in two colors, or they are braided in arabesque patterns.

Little girls have their dresses and jackets edged with a broad band, formed of a different material from that composing the dress, and this band is ornamented with a pattern in embroidery or lacet. A little dress of tartan poplin has the skirt edged with a band of dark-blue silk, covered with rich embroidery in black lacet. A black velvet cloak and a white straw bonnet, trimmed with ruches of blonde, are added to the dress just mentioned for out-door costume.

A very pretty evening dress has just been made for a young lady, and consists of white tarletane. It has two skirts, each finished at the edge with a plain hem. A small chatelaine of roses descends from the waist over the double skirt on the left side. In front of the corsage there is a bouquet composed of three roses, and a single rose ornaments each of the short sleeves. The *coiffure* adopted with this dress is a net of black chenille, with a small bouquet of roses on each side.

The novelties in *lingerie* include several articles suitable for evening wear. Among them may be mentioned one or two elegant caps of small size, fichus intended to be worn with low corsages, canezous of tulle, and berths trimmed with ruches and bows of ribbon.

Dresses of gay hues, suitable for the bright weather now setting in, are becoming more and more general. Several of the new dresses are composed of pale gray, bright blue, or green silk. Others are composed of chequered silk, in new and beautiful combinations of color. One of these is chequered with squares in rose-color alternately with squares in gray chine with white, and over them pass (also in a chequered pattern) narrow lines in black satin.

Several of the new dresses are made with double skirts, and they are frequently ornamented with side trimmings. A dress of violet-color silk is made with two skirts, both of which are ornamented with side trimmings consisting of bands of black velvet. Another dress of the same material, and made in a corresponding style, has the skirts trimmed with violet-color velvet instead of black. Both these dresses have a high corsage, with a long basque and pagoda sleeves. The corsage and sleeves are edged with rows of velvet.

The ball-wreaths just received from Paris include one of peculiar elegance. It consists of a wreath of foliage in green velvet, intermingled with the red berries of the service-tree. Each leaf is bordered by a narrow gold line. At the back there are pendent sprays of small flowers in green and gold intermingled with red berries. Another wreath consists of roses with bright green foliage veined with gold. A much-admired *coiffure* consists of wreath, of foliage in crimson velvet, intermingled with lilies-of-the-valley in gold. A chatelaine, formed of foliage and flowers similar to those in the wreath just mentioned, is very effective on a white dress. The same wreath and chatelaine, with foliage of black instead of crimson velvet, is scarcely less pretty. A complete *parure* is composed of ivy-leaves, and another of eglantine.—*London Lady's Paper, April 4th.*

FRENCH LOVE OF THE HORRIBLE.—During the worst days of the French Revolution, and previous to the execution of Robespierre, a restaurant at Paris had a miniature guillotine, which, turned by a wheel, was employed to chop sausage meat. Thousands of people flocked to admire the spectacle.

☞ However small society may be, if it is a human one, jealousy will creep in.

SNAKES AT THE BREAST.

In No. 1528 of the *London Athenæum*, page 175, there is an account of a lady in Louisiana, who was nightly subjected to the visit of a large snake, and that she found her breasts had been drained of their milk by the reptile. This appears to the Reviewer to be an incredible story, and he goes on to say that the structure of the serpent's mouth would prevent the possibility of such a feat, were the creature so inclined. I have been for many years in the interior of South America, thousands of miles away from Louisiana, and among a people who scarcely ever heard of the existence even of the United States. Now, with these people I found the belief to be universal that snakes are addicted to this extraordinary method of stealing. The houses there are generally "tumble down" affairs, the walls and floors being full of holes and crevices, and through these the snakes easily make their way; and one of the things that nursing mothers are constantly afraid of, is the entry of these reptiles during the night to suck at their breasts. I have conversed with a very intelligent woman, who declares she was served in this manner for a length of time by a large snake, who regularly every night entered her bed and so drained her of her milk (she being all this time unconscious) that her child began to pine for want of its proper nourishment. The fact, it is pretended, was discovered by her friends suspecting the cause, and laying wait for the unwelcome visitor, who, it is still further pretended, was caught in the attempt and immolated. These people, moreover, declare that snakes are so fond of milk that they constantly go into the pastures and suck the cows. Whether it be possible or not for the snake to perform the operation, I do not know; but that he can at all events suck eggs as well as the grandmother of the vulgar adage could do it, no one will deny who pretends to know anything of his habits. It is at all events very curious that the belief in the snake's milking propensities should be so widely spread. VERDADE.

London, March 23.

HOW TO DECIDE WHO SHALL WALK FIRST AMONG LADIES.—Dr. Baird, in a late lecture at St. Louis, related an amusing anecdote of Napoleon *le Grande* and the ladies who attended his first grand reception at the Tuileries. The old nobility had departed, and everything was new. The invited guests were mostly military officers and their wives. Some two thousand ladies were present. When supper time came, they, of course, took precedence of the gentlemen. A question arose who had the right to go first. The great dining-hall was thrown open, admitting them, and the doors were then closed, and the officers of the palace found it impossible to open them. The dispute among the ladies grew warm. One lady said the right was hers as her husband was a great general; but she soon found that others maintained, on one ground or the other, that their claims were greater. Meanwhile the officers could not get the doors open, and in consternation one of them hastened to the First Consul, and asked him how they should settle the question of precedence. "Oh," said Bonaparte, "nothing is easier; tell them the eldest is to go first!" The officer reported to the ladies the First Consul's decision, and instantly they all fell back! This gave the officers an opportunity to get the doors open, when, to their astonishment, none of the ladies were willing to go first. After standing in that ridiculous position for a moment, they began to laugh heartily at their own folly, and all marched into the dining-room without further delay.—This, said Dr. Baird, is one of the thousand and one stories they tell in Paris of the "Great Napoleon," to illustrate the readiness of his wit.

TO IMPRESS PATTERNS OF EMBROIDERY ON LINEN.—The black sheets (which may be bought separately) belonging to a Manifold Writer is an effective agent in transferring patterns. Place on the linen such a black sheet, on that the pattern to be transferred; then trace with a knitting needle or other blunt point over the pattern, and every line will be faithfully reproduced on the linen.

THE RED-COURT FARM.

It was a gusty night in spring. Two young ladies were seated over the fire in a small sitting-room of a commodious mansion, listening to the wind as it boomed round the solitary house and shook the shutters and rattled the window-frames. One of them was tall and fair, looking all the fairer for her mourning-dress, with handsome features, a calm, blue eye, and a compressed lip. Ten or eleven weeks ago she had been a high-spirited, blooming girl; since then, her gaiety had left her and she was worn to a skeleton. It was Miss Thornycroft. Her companion, a young lady who had come in to spend the evening with her, was not pretty, but an interesting girl, with mild hazel eyes and a pleasant cast of countenance.

"I'm sure if the ghost comes abroad at all, it will be out on such a night as this," remarked the latter. "Ghosts are said to favor windy weather."

"Don't joke about it, Annie," exclaimed Miss Thornycroft, with a perceptible shudder.

"I was not exactly joking; I believe I said it half in belief. But, of course," added Annie, after a pause, "seriously speaking and thinking, there is no truth in it. You cannot possibly think there is."

"Have you seen my brother Isaac to-day, to speak to?" was the rejoinder of Miss Thornycroft.

"No."

"Or perhaps he might have told you. Though I don't know that he would. He saw it last night."

"Nonsense!" uttered Annie.

"Ah! So I have exclaimed when others have asserted that they saw it. But Isaac is so calm and cool; there's not a shade of imaginative feeling or superstition about him; he is the very last—save, perhaps, Richard—to be led away by fears or fancies. Listen, Annie. Last night I was drinking tea at Mrs. Connaught's, and I had made Isaac promise to fetch me home—for, to confess the truth, after all that has happened, and especially these last few days when these superstitious reports have been prevalent, I do not relish being abroad after nightfall with only servants. He came at ten o'clock, and I noticed he seemed absent and silent. Once Mrs. Connaught addressed him three times before he answered; a remarkable thing for Isaac, who is naturally merry. We came away. In passing the churchyard, this corner of it, near the waste land, where the graves are thick, Isaac slackened his pace, and walked with his head turned sideways. 'What are you looking for among the gravestones?' I asked.

"'For Hunter,' he replied. And do you know, Annie, though I was then really thinking of poor Robert and of this horrible report about his spirit, Isaac's words gave me a shock, and I held his arm tighter. 'Mary Anne,' he went on, 'I saw him to-night.'

"I squeezed closer to Isaac, closer still when I saw the grave anxiety of his face, for that told me he was not joking. He continued:

"'If ever I saw Hunter in my life, I saw him to-night in this churchyard, close to his own grave. I saw him, Mary Anne, every feature of his face, as plainly as we see the gravestones at this moment.'

"'How did it look?' I shuddered.

"'It looked as he looked in life; as he must have looked when he was shot down, the hat over the brow, and that remarkable coat on; just as those describe who profess to have seen it. Now I know that I am not one to be deceived by ghostly fancies, Mary Anne, and I was staggered. I ran back to the gate and searched the churchyard all over, but I saw no more of it.'"

Miss Thornycroft ceased, and her hearer trembled.

"Do you think he *could* have been deceived?" she whispered.

"No, Annie, I do not. When a cool, collected man, like my brother Isaac, dispassionately asserts such a thing, added to the terrified assertions of others, I, at least, believe that there must be some dreadful mystery abroad, supernatural or otherwise."

"How in the world shall I go home to-night with only Sarah?" exclaimed Miss Annie, in a dismayed tone. "I shall never pass that churchyard."

The two young ladies sat on, over the fire, conversing in dread and doubt. Gradually they relapsed into silence, listening to the sighing wind, and suffering their imaginations to roam on the marvellous. About half-past eight one of them spoke. It was Miss Annie.

"What can have become of Sarah? My aunt was not well, and said she should send her at eight o'clock at the latest."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when that personage entered in a most remarkable manner. A respectable maid-servant, getting on for forty. She banged-to the door behind her and sat down in an arm-chair, in the presence of the young ladies.

"Sarah!" uttered her young mistress, in a reproving tone.

"Ay, you may well stare, young ladies, but I can't stand upon no forms nor respects just now. I don't know whether my senses is here or yonder. There's the ghost at this blessed moment in the churchyard!"

Annie screamed, and caught hold of Miss Thornycroft. The latter spoke, turning deadly pale.

"Your imagination has deceived you, Sarah."

"If anything has deceived me, it's my eyes," retorted Sarah, really too much flustered to stand upon forms; "but they never did yet, Miss. When it struck eight, missis called out to me, from the parlor, to come after Miss Annie. I thought I'd finish my ironing first, which took me another quarter of an hour; and then I put my blanket and things away, and off I come. I was a shutting the house-door when I heard master's voice a singing after me, and back I went, into the parlor. 'Is it coals, sir?' I asked. 'No, it's not coals,' says master, and I saw by his mouth he was after a bit of nonsense, 'it's to tell you to take care of the ghost.' 'Oh, bran the ghost,' says I, 'it had better not come anigh me, I'd knock it down as soon as look at it.' And so I would, young ladies," added Sarah, "if I got the chance."

"Go on, go on," eagerly interposed Mary Anne Thornycroft.

"I come right on to the churchyard," continued Sarah, "and what we had been a saying made me turn my eyes on to it as I passed. Young ladies," she added, drawing her chair near to them and dropping her voice mysteriously, "if you'll believe me, there stood Robert Hunter. He was close by that big tombstone of old Marley's, at this end of the churchyard, not three yards from his own grave."

"Oh, Sarah!" exclaimed Miss Thornycroft, "do you not think your sight—your fears—played you false? It may have been through talking of him."

"Miss, I hadn't got no fears, so they couldn't have done it. No, I saw him. And I'd take an oath of it, as solemn as I took it at the crowner's inquest. It warn't many steps away from me; you know old Marley's grave; there was nothing but the ditch and the low edge between us. There he stood, his features as plain as ever I saw 'em in my life, and that uncommon coat on, which I am sure was never made for anybody but a Guy Fawkes."

"You were frightened, then!" exclaimed Annie.

"I was not exactly frightened, but I won't deny that I felt a creepishness all over me, and I'd have given half-a-crown out of my pocket if any human creature had but come up to bear me company."

"Did you speak to it?"

"I don't know but I might have had the courage, but it didn't give me no time. The minute it saw me a looking at it, it glided away among the gravestones, as if making off for the back of the church. I made off, too, as fast as my legs would bring me, and I come right in here to you, instead of to the kitchen, for I knew my tongue must let it out, and I thought it might be better for you to hear it than them servants."

"Quite right," murmured Miss Thornycroft.

"I never did believe in ghosts," added Sarah, "any more than I'd believe in dreams, and such wishy-washy trash, and I never believed in Hunter's. But I'll not ridicule 'em after this night. Poor wretch! It can't rest quiet in its grave. It may want to denounce its murderer."

With the last words, Miss Thornycroft was taken with a violent fit of shaking.

"I cannot bear this," she wailed. "I cannot bear it. If this horror is to continue, I must leave the neighborhood."

How were the two to go home, and pass the churchyard? Annie declared, with a shudder, she would not, and Sarah did not particularly urge it. Only women-servants were in the house, none of whom would feel inclined to escort them, and risk the ghost; so they remained on, waiting till one of the young Mr. Thornycrofts should come in. But between nine and ten, Captain Copp made his appearance in hot anger, shaking his stick, and stamping his wooden leg at Sarah.

"Had the vile hussy taken up her gossiping quarters at the Red Court for the night? Did she think—"

"I could not get Miss Annie away," interrupted Sarah. "The ghost's in the churchyard. I saw it as I came along."

The sailor-captain was struck dumb. One of *his* women-kind avow belief in a ghost! He had seen a mermaid himself, but ghosts were fabulous monsters, fit for nothing but marines, and they who said they saw 'em wanted a taste of the yard-arm.

"Do not talk so, uncle," interrupted Annie. "It is Robert Hunter's spirit. Isaac Thornycroft saw it last night."

"Stow away your ignorance, Miss Annie!" commanded the captain. "A parson's lass avow belief in a ghost? ho, ho, ho! I'll send you home to him to-morrow. I told the coroner I would at the inquest, but now I *will!* Shameful!" striking away at his wooden leg. "Get your things on. I'll teach you to see rubbishing ghosts!"

"It's my opinion ghosts is rubbish and nothing better," chimed in Sarah, "for I don't see the good of 'em, but this was Robert Hunter's for all that. I saw his face and his eyes, as sure as ever I saw my own in the glass. I don't say I saw his legs, for they was hid by the hedge and the tombstones, but I saw that precious white coat of his, and the ugly fur on it. He was buttoned up in it, like he used to be, in life. Master, you can't say as ever I believed in this tale afore to-night."

"You credulous sea-serpent!" exclaimed the captain, to his servant. "And that same white coat lying now in the tallet at the Mermaid, covered with blood, just as it was took off his body! Ugh! fie upon you!"

"If there's apparitions of bodies, there may be

apparitions of coats," answered Sarah, between whom and her master there was always a struggle who should have the last word, to the exceeding exasperation of the choleric but really good-hearted merchant-captain. "I'm as sure that it had got that coat on, as I am that your leg's off, master."

Away pegged the captain in his rage, scarcely allowing himself to say good-night to Miss Thornycroft, and Annie and her attendant flew after him, the latter clasping tight hold of him.

As they neared the churchyard—in turning off from the path, leading from the Red Court, past a piece of ground called the waste land, you came sharp upon it—Annie, in a sickening terror, in spite of her uncle's mocking assurance that a parson's daughter should be upon visiting terms with a churchyard ghost, clung close to him, and hid her face on his arm, trusting to him to guide her steps. The captain had a great mind (he avowed it afterwards) to guide her into the ditch, believing that a ducking would be a panacea for all ghostly terrors; but at that moment, Sarah, who was a step in the rear, leaped forward, and clung violently to his coat tails.

"There!" she cried, in a shrill whisper, before the astonished gentleman could give way to his towering indignation, "there it is again, next to Marley's tomb! Now, master, is that the coat or not?"

They turned their eyes in the direction of the churchyard, even Annie, as if impelled by an irresistible fascination. It was too true. Within a few yards of them, in the dim moonlight—for the moon, watery, and not long risen, gave but a feeble light—appeared the well-known form of the ill-fated Robert Hunter; the very man whose mangled body Captain Copp had helped to lay in the grave, having followed as a mourner at his funeral.

The captain was considerably taken aback; had never been half so much so before an unexpected iceberg; his wooden leg dropped submissively down, and his mouth flew open. He had the keen eye of a seaman, and he saw beyond doubt that the spirit before him was indeed that of Robert Hunter. Report ran in the village afterwards that the gallant captain would have made off, but could not rid himself from the grasp of his companions.

"Hallo! you sir!" he called out presently, remembering that in that vile Sarah's presence his reputation for courage was at stake, but there was considerable deference, not to say timidity, in his tone, "what is it you want, appearing there like a figure-head?"

The ghost, however, disappeared, vanishing into air, or behind the tombstones; and the captain lost not a moment, but tore away faster than he had ever done since the acquisition of his wooden leg, Annie sobbing convulsively on his arm, and Sarah hanging on to his coat-tails. A minute afterwards they met Isaac Thornycroft, coming from the direction of the village.

"Take these screeching sea-gulls home for me," cried the sailor to Isaac. "I'll go down to the Mermaid, and with my own eyes see if the coat is there. Some land-lubber's playing a trick, and has borrowed Hunter's face and stole the coat to act it in."

"Spare yourself the trouble," rejoined young Mr. Thornycroft. "I have come straight now from the Mermaid, and the coat is there. We have been looking at it but this instant. It is under the straw in the room over the stable, doubled up and stiff, having dried in the folds."

"I should like to keelhaul that ghost," cried the discomfited captain. "I'd rather have seen ten mermaids."

Isaac Thornycroft drew Annie away and supported her himself. The captain walked on first, and Sarah kept in close proximity to him. Isaac took care to widen the distance between himself and them, and then stole his arm around Annie's waist, and so held her up more efficiently. But, sobbing and terrified as she was, she yet shrank away from him.

"Annie," he whispered, "how is this? Why is it? Let me have an explanation this night: now, at once. For several weeks you have shunned me."

"Is there not a cause why I should shun you?" was her answer. "I think I will speak out," she added, in agitation. "I *must* speak out: but only to you. Isaac Thornycroft, have you no dark crime upon your conscience?"

"I a dark crime!" he echoed.

"A dark, heavy crime," she went on, "the worst and most cruel that man can commit on man, the same which stained the hand of Cain? Mind! I have been silent to the rest of the world; I will be silent: but the truth must lie between us."

"No, on my soul!" he vehemently answered. "Peccadilloes I may commit in plenty, but of such crimes my conscience is clear. Explain yourself, Annie."

"That night; that dreadful night—oh, Isaac, I have never breathed it beyond my lips—I thought—that—man—who—ran on to the plateau, was like—"

"Say on, child," he prompted, and but for Annie's agitation she might have noticed the sad tone, quite devoid of surprise, in which the words were spoken—"say on."

"Like you, Isaac," she shivered.

"You were mistaken," was his reply. "My hands will never be red with such a crime. It is against my nature."

"It was so like you," she resumed, in a whisper. "Though I had but a momentary look before I fainted."

"I was not there," he repeated. "I swear it to you."

"Oh, what a relief!" she murmured, "what a relief!" Then, as a sudden thought seemed to strike her, she spoke again, in a more hushed tone—"Was it Richard? You are alike in figure."

"Annie," he rejoined, in a reproving, but a solemn tone, "I cannot tell you. It is an inquiry which neither you nor I do well to dwell upon, which we have no right to pursue. Let the consciousness of our own innocence suffice for us."

"The knowledge of yours will suffice for me," she answered. "Since that night I have been most wretched."

"You need not have distressed yourself," was the reply of Mr. Thornycroft. "If my hand were stained with red, I should break with you, sooner than you could with me. Whatever else a murderer may covet, let him keep clear of wife and children."

Whatever suspicion Isaac Thornycroft may have had, it was not his place to denounce his brother Richard. He did suspect him. And he suspected also that Cyril was mixed up with it, else why keep out of the way? Isaac was not a cruel man, or one devoid of conscience. He had many estimable qualities: though it is true he cheated her Majesty's revenue, and thought it glorious fun. Richard had not made him his confidant; and put the question deliberately to him, Isaac would not; but the uncertainty had long worked painfully within him.

Thus talking, they reached the house of Captain Copp, and the captain pressed Isaac to enter, and introduced his brandy. There they sat, discussing what they had seen and heard, the captain telling his tale, and Sarah telling hers, to the intense horror of Mrs. Copp, who had the bump of marvel strongly developed, and who declared she would never go up to bed alone again.

Meanwhile, Mary Anne Thornycroft was in a state of mind bordering on distraction. She had never believed in ghosts—as children say—would have ridiculed the very idea. Yet she knew that Robert Hunter was dead and buried, and how reconcile that fact with this mysterious account of his reappearance? She had paid little attention to the first reports, that Hunter's spirit had been seen, for she knew how prone the ignorant are to supernatural tales, but the moment her brother Isaac imparted to her the fact that he had seen it with his own sensible, dispassionate eyes, a sickening conviction flashed over her that it *was* his spirit. And now was added the testimony of the matter-of-fact Sarah. Mary Anne Thornycroft had been attached to Robert Hunter; a tacit engagement had existed between them; but, stronger even than the grief and regret she had felt at his untimely fate, was the fearful dread that overpowered her for her brother Richard, lest he should be discovered, and brought to punishment—tried, condemned, executed! The words of Sarah—"Perhaps it wants to denounce its murderer"—rang in her ears like a knell. As she sat there, trembling, Richard entered. Had *he* seen the ghost? He looked as if he had. His damp hair hung about in a black mass, and his face and lips were ghastly as Hunter's. His sister gazed at him with surprise: the always self-possessed Richard!

"Have you come now from the village?" she asked.

"From that way."

"Did you look into the churchyard as you passed it?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"You know what they say; that *his* spirit appears there."

"I have seen it," was Richard's unexpected answer.

Miss Thornycroft started up. "Oh! Richard! When?"

"Now; as I came by. There's no mistake about its being Hunter, or some fool made up to personate him."

"It has taken away your color, Richard."

Richard Thornycroft did not reply. He sat with his elbow on his knee, and his chin resting on his hand, looking into the fire. Mary Anne resumed, in a low, firm tone,

"Richard, if you will accompany me for protection, I will go and see this spirit. I will ask what it wants. Let us go now."

"You!" he somewhat contemptuously exclaimed.

"I will steel my nerves and heart to it. I have been striving to do so for the last half hour. Better for me to hold communion with it than any one else, save you. You know why, Richard."

"Tush!" he exclaimed. "Do nothing. You'd faint by the way."

"It is necessary for the honor and safety of—of—this house," she urged, not caring to speak more pointedly, "that no stranger should hear what it wants. I will go now. If I wait till to-morrow my courage may fail. You are not afraid?"

For answer, Richard rose, and they left the room. As they passed through the hall, Mary Anne threw on her woollen shawl and garden-bonnet, which were hanging there, and they started.

Not a word was spoken till they reached the corner of the churchyard. The high, thickset hedge on the side facing them, as they advanced on to it, prevented their seeing into it, but they would soon come in front, where it would be plain.

"You stay here, Richard," whispered Miss Thornycroft. "I will go on alone."

"No," he began, but she peremptorily interrupted him.

"I will have it so. If I am to go on with this, I will be alone. You can keep me within sight." And Richard acquiesced, probably nothing loth, for the ghost could not have been an agreeable sight to him.

Now shall we go on mystifying the reader, or solve the secret? It may be better to solve it, for space is growing limited, as it was solved that night to Mary Anne and Richard Thornycroft. The ghost was still in the churchyard, prowling about, and *looking for her*, the object it had been looking for all along; but it was not Robert Hunter's ghost; it was Robert Hunter himself; for Robert Hunter was not dead.

He had been in London all the while they mourned him so, as much alive as any of his mourners, quite unconscious that he was looked upon as murdered, and that the county coroner had held an inquest on his body. A week since, he had come down from London to Coastdown, had come in secret, not caring to show himself in the neighborhood, and not daring to show himself to Richard or Isaac Thornycroft. His object was to obtain an interview with Mary Anne, but he remembered and respected his oath to Richard. He knew of a lonely hut, inhabited by a superannuated fisherman, where he could hide in the day, and he came down to it, taking up his station in the churchyard at dusk, which was in the line of road to the Thornycrofts' house, and only to theirs, and he was aware that Miss Thornycroft constantly passed it at the evening hours, going or returning from visiting. Not a very brilliant scheme, but Robert Hunter could think of no better to obtain speech with her; and it must be recollected that he had sworn in that dangerous interview with Richard, when the pistol was held to his forehead, not to write to her. The old fisherman, of dim sight and failing memory, did not recognize his guest as being the gentleman he had once seen with Miss Thornycroft. Thus, Hunter lay hid there in the day, and never dreamt he could be taken for his own ghost at night, for he knew nothing of the murder. It was not often that the churchyard was passed at night, except by those going to or coming from the Red-Court; and if Robert Hunter hastened to disappear when he had once ascertained that a passer-by was not Mary Anne, it was that he might not be recognized and spoken to. His retreating place was under a shelving gravestone at the back of the church, where none would think of looking for him.

A load was taken off the heart of Richard Thornycroft when the night air brought to his ears sufficient evidence that Robert Hunter was a living man. In the first blissful throb of the discovery, the thought that struck him was, "If he is alive, I am no murderer." He rushed forward, gained the spot where Mary Anne and Hunter stood, grasped the latter's hands and embraced him—he, the cold, undemonstrative Richard Thornycroft! he, with all his dislike of Hunter!

"I do not understand it, Hunter," he whispered; "it is like awaking from a horrible dream. If I shot you down, how is it you are here?"

"You never shot me down. Old Joe Parkes has been driving at some obscure tale, about young Hunter being shot from the heights, but I treated it as an old man's fancies. Mary Anne, too, is wearing mourning for me, she says, and came here to have speech of my ghost. I thought ghosts had gone out with the eighteenth century."

"Come this way," cried Mary Anne, who was shivering again, and caught hold of her brother's arm for support; "let us go and sit down in the church-porch."

They walked round towards it. It was on the side of the church, facing the Red-Court. The brother and sister placed themselves on one bench, and Hunter opposite; the moonlight streamed upon them, but they were in no danger there of being observed by any chance passer-by.

"That night," began Richard, "after you had gone away, what brought you back again?"

"Back where?" asked Hunter.

"Back on the plateau. Watching the fellows from the boats."

"I was not there. I did not come back."

"Why do you say that, Robert?" interrupted Miss Thornycroft. "I saw you there; I and Annie. We were coming up to speak to you, and got as far as the Round Tower."

"And, what was worse, I saw you," eagerly broke in Richard. "I was shocked at your want of faith; I was maddened by your bad feeling, your obstinate determination to spy upon and betray us; and I stood by the Round House and shot you down."

"I do not know what you are talking of," cried Hunter. "I tell you I never came back, never for one moment. I got to Jutpoint by half-past ten."

"Did Cyril go there with you?"

"Cyril! Of course not. He left me directly after we passed the turning to the village here, I have been looking for Cyril, while I have been dodging in this churchyard. I would not have minded trusting him, and I thought he would take a message to your sister. He was not so violent as you were, and I believe wished us well."

"We have never seen Cyril since that night," said Miss Thornycroft.

"Not seen Cyril!" echoed Hunter. "Where is he?"

"But we are not uneasy about him," said Richard, dropping his voice. "We expect he went off in the boats with the smugglers when they rowed back to the ship that night, after the cargo was run. Indeed, we feel positive of it. My father once did the same, to the terror of my mother; I believe she had him advertised. But Master Cyril is taking a tolerably long spell on the French coast."

"Still you have not explained," resumed Hunter. "What gave rise to the report that I was shot down?"

"Report!" cried Richard, vehemently, his new-found satisfaction beginning to fade, as sober recollection returned to him. "Somebody was shot, if you were not. We had the coroner's inquest on him, and he lies buried in this churchyard as Robert Hunter."

"But the features could not have been mine," debated Hunter.

"The face was destroyed. It had struck against the rocks in falling. But the dress was yours; a black dinner-suit, and— By the way," broke off Richard, "what *is* this mystery? This coat, which you appear now to have on, is, at this moment, in the stables at the Mermaid; and has been ever since the inquest."

Does the reader notice that one word of Richard Thornycroft's? "Appear." *Appear* to have on! Was he still doubting whether the man before him was real?

"Oh, I borrowed this to come down in," was Hunter's answer. "You never sent me my own. They are exactly alike. I and a friend of mine had them made together. The weather in London is mild now, and he was not wearing it, so he lent it me. We are much of a size. Why did not mine come with the portmanteau, Mary Anne?"

"When you left, that night, you had your coat with you!" she answered, more and more amazed.

"But I found it an encumbrance. I had taken more wine than usual, which made me hot, and I did not relish the prospect of carrying it on my arm for five or six miles. So I begged Cyril to take it back with him, and send it with the portmanteau the following morning."

Mary Anne Thornycroft suddenly started, gasped, and laid her face on her brother's shoulder, with a sharp, low moan of pain. *He* leaned forward and stared at Hunter, a pitiable expression of dread on his countenance, as the moonlight set off his ghastly face and strained-back lips.

"Cyril said he was glad of it, and put it on, for he had come out without one, and felt cold," continued Hunter, carelessly. "It fitted him capitally."

A yell, shrill and wild as that which had broken from the dying man in his fall, now broke from Richard Thornycroft.

"Stop!" he shouted, in the desperation of anguish, "don't you see?"

"See what?" demanded the astonished Hunter.

"*That I have murdered my brother!*"

It was too true. The unfortunate Cyril Thornycroft, arrayed in Hunter's coat, had been mistaken by Richard for him, and had been shot dead. There was no doubt that, in returning home after parting with Hunter, he had gone to the heights to see whether the work, which had been planned for that night with the smugglers, was being carried on, or whether the discovery made by Hunter had checked it. Mary Anne also mistook him for Hunter. Alas! it was the coat that deceived them. It is certain the two young men were of the same height and size, and the outline of their faces was not dissimilar; but it was the conspicuous coat, like none else, which had led to the fatal mistake. In the broad light of day they might have detected Cyril's features, but it was impossible to do so amid the shades of night.

A silence of horror fell upon the three.—Richard had started up, and his sister's face then sought a leaning-place against the cold trellis-work.

"How was it you never wrote to me?" at length asked Robert Hunter, in a low voice. "Had you done so, this mystery would have been cleared up."

"Wrote to *you*!" wailed Richard. "Do you forget we thought you were here?" stamping his foot on the sod of the churchyard.

"I can hardly understand it yet," mused Robert Hunter.

Richard Thornycroft turned and touched his sister.

"Let us go home, Mary Anne. We have heard enough."

Without a word of dissent or approval, she rose and put her arm within Richard's; her face white and rigid, as it had been at the coroner's inquest. Hunter spoke then.

"But Mary Anne—what I wanted to say to you—I have not yet said a word of it."

"I cannot talk to-night," she shuddered.—"Come up to the house to-morrow."

"Yes, come to-morrow," repeated Richard Thornycroft. "No necessity for concealment now. I absolve you from your oath."

They walked out of the churchyard, Hunter standing still in the porch. His egress lay in an opposite direction, over a stile. He was preparing to leave it when he saw Miss Thornycroft returning.

"When I said you might come to the house, I spoke without reflection, Robert," she said. "It must not be. You must still be—in this neighborhood—as dead and buried."

"Why? Far better to let them know I have not been murdered; and set their suspicions at rest."

"That you have not, but that another has," she returned, resentfully; "rake up the matter, and have a second inquest, and so set them upon my unfortunate brother Richard! His punishment, as it is, will be sufficiently dreadful and lasting."

"Mary Anne, you need not speak to me in that tone of reproach. You may be sure that I deeply sympathize and grieve with you all. I will continue to conceal myself; but how shall I see you? One more day, and business will enforce my return to London."

"I will see you here, in this place, to-morrow night."

"At what hour?"

"As soon as dusk comes on. Say seven."

"You will not fail, Mary Anne?"

"Fail!" she repeated, vehemently. Then, in a quieter tone, she would have walked away, "no, I will be sure to come."

Robert Hunter grasped her hand, as if to draw her towards him for a loving embrace, but Miss Thornycroft wrenched her hand away, with a half-cry, and walked on to join her brother.

"Good-night, dear Robert," she presently called out, in a gentle voice, as if to atone for her abrupt movement; but oh, what a mind of anguish that voice betrayed!

She was true to her promise. The following night, before the moon was up, Robert Hunter and Miss Thornycroft sat once more in the church-porch. The night was very cold, but from a feeling of considerable delicacy, which she understood and mentally thanked him for, he was without a great-coat. He rightly judged that the only one he had with him could in her eyes be nothing but an object of horror.

What a day that had been at the Red-Court! Mr. Thornycroft had sat on the magisterial bench at Jutpoint, trying petty offenders, unconscious that there was a greater offender at his own house demanding punishment. Richard Thornycroft felt inclined to proclaim the truth and deliver himself up to justice. The remorse which had taken possession of him was greater than he knew how to bear, and it seemed that to expiate his offence at the criminal bar of his country, would be more tolerable than to let it thus prey in silence on his vitals. Consideration for his father and sister, for their honorable reputation, alone withheld him. He and Cyril had been fond brothers. Cyril, of delicate health and gentle manners, had been, as it were, the pet of the robust Justice and his robust elder sons. At mid-day, Richard was in his sister's room; not sitting; he had never sat, or lain, or rested, since leaving the church-yard the previous night; but pacing about it in despair. Isaac, to whom the truth had been disclosed, was present. At this dread consultation, every word of which will linger in the remembrance of the three during life, Richard decided on his future plans. To remain in the neighborhood of the fatal scene, ever again to look upon the Half-Moon, where the body had lain, he felt would drive him mad, and he determined to leave it. The substance of this Miss Thornycroft disclosed to Hunter.

"Isaac is driving him over to Jutpoint for the night train," she added, "and will go with him to London."

"To return when?" inquired Hunter. "I mean Richard."

"Never again," she mournfully answered; "he has taken leave of us for the last time. My poor father is broken-hearted. It was a dreadful shock to him, when he came home this afternoon, to find his eldest and favorite son waiting to bid him farewell forever. He has always liked Richard best; perhaps because he partakes more of his own free, daring nature. They did not disclose to him the awful secret about Cyril. They said Richard had fallen into a serious scrape, which could only be kept quiet by his leaving the neighborhood for a few years, and begged him not to inquire particulars, for that the less said about it the better. And so they parted."

"And will Richard remain in London?"

"He goes to Australia. I thought I said so. But my head is confused to-night. He will take the first ship that sails. Oh, Robert!" she added, in a tone of suffering, "what a secret this is for me and Isaac to carry with us through life!"

"It is indeed! But time will soothe it to you, for you are both innocent."

"Time will never soothe it to me. My poor brother Cyril! so kind, so inoffensive as he was to us all! I never had words with him as I had with Richard and Isaac. And to be hurled away unprepared!"

She raised her hands and concealed her face, as if she would hide its tribulation from the dark night.

"And what a career is before poor Richard!" she continued to wail. "My heart bleeds for him, guilty though he is. Remorse and anguish to the end of his days! remorse and anguish!"

Robert Hunter drew her hands from her face, and, keeping them in his, sat down by her. Hitherto he had been standing.

"Time is wearing on, Mary Anne. May I say what I came down from town to say? Though it pains me to enter upon it now you are in this grief."

"What is it, Robert?"

"I have had a situation offered me abroad; in the East; and I have accepted it. It is to superintend the formation of a railway. It will keep me there for five years at least. The appointment is excellent in a pecuniary point of view, better than I thought would fall to my share for years to come, and the climate is good. In two months we shall take our departure for it."

"Yes," she answered, in a tone of the utmost apathy. "What else?"

"Is there need to tell you, Mary Anne? Can you not perceive what brought me down—why I could begin no preparations until I had obtained speech of you?"

"No," she repeated, in the same abstracted tone, as if her mind were dwelling on other things. "Make haste, Robert; I must be gone; I am beginning to shiver. I have these shivering fits often now."

"I want you to go with me, my love," he whispered, in an accent of deep tenderness. "I came down to urge it; but now that this unfortunate affair has happened, I would doubly urge it. As my wife, you will forget—"

"Be quiet, Robert!" she impetuously interrupted, "you cannot know what you are saying. You and I, of all people in the world, must live apart. Was this what you had to say?"

"I thought you loved me," he exclaimed, quite petrified at her words.

"I did love you; I do; if to avow it will do any good now. But this dreadful sorrow has placed a barrier between us."

"Mary Anne Thornycroft! You surely are not so blind, so unjust, as to lay its blame to my door?"

"Listen, Robert," she returned. "I am not so unjust as to blame you for the murder, but I cannot forget that you have been the innocent cause of it; you and I."

"You!"

"Yes. I. When my father heard that I had invited you down, he came to me, and forbid me to let you come. I see now why. He did not want strangers in his house, who might see more than was expedient. He commanded me to write and stop you. I disobeyed; I thought he spoke but in compliance with a whim of Richard's; and I would not write. Had I obeyed him, all this would have been spared. Again, when you were here, when we spoke about what the supervisor said, that there were smugglers abroad, my father ordered us, you especially, not to interfere. Had you obeyed him to the letter, Cyril would have been alive now. These reflections haunt me continually. No, Robert, you and I must live apart. If I were to marry you, I should expect Cyril to rise reproachfully before me on our wedding-day."

"Oh, Mary Anne! Believe me you see matters in a false light. If—"

"I will not discuss it," she peremptorily interrupted, "it would be of no avail, and I shudder while I speak. Do you forgive me, Robert, if I cause you pain. Nothing in the world, or out of it, shall ever induce me to become your wife."

"Is this your fixed determination?" he asked, in a low, grating tone.

"Fixed and unalterable. Fixed as those stars above us. Fixed as Cyril's grave."

"Then nothing remains for me but to return," he gloomily said. "And the sooner I start the better. Fare you well."

She put her hand into his, and, overcome by the dread anguish at her heart, suffered him to draw her to his breast. None can know what that anguish was, even of the parting. He held her to him and soothed her sobs, now with a loving word, now with a gentle action; but he used no argument to induce her to retract her determination. He knew Mary Anne Thornycroft, and knew that it would be useless.

"Oh, Robert, strive to forget me," she murmured. "We have been dear to each other, but you must find another now. Perhaps we may meet again once more in after life: when you are a happy man with wife and children!"

He supported her to the churchyard gates, and watched her as she turned to her home. And so they parted. Robert Hunter retraced his steps to the churchyard, and from behind a gravestone, where he had lain them out of sight, took up his little black travelling bag, and the coat, the counterpart of which had proved so unlucky a coat for the Thornycrofts. Then he set off to walk to Jutpoint, avoiding the village road by means of a by-path, as he had set off to walk that guilty night some weeks before.

There is little more to tell. Richard Thornycroft departed for Australia, and the mysteries of the Red-Court were never again enacted. Long and perseveringly did Supervisor Kyne look out for the smugglers; many and many a night did he exercise his eyes and his patience on the edge of that bleak plateau; but they came no more. Old Mr. Thornycroft, deprived, he hardly knew how, of his sons, lived on, at the Red Court, a disappointed man. Not that he cared to make more money; he had plenty; but he loved adventure, and his occupation was gone. His daughter remained with him, growing more grave and sad, day by day.

Isaac Thornycroft was the only one of the family whose fortunes turned out happily. He married Captain Copp's niece and settled in London, where he entered into legitimate business. While the whole neighborhood of Coastdown is, to this hour, under a clear and immutable persuasion that the ghost walks in the churchyard: and Captain Copp while taking his glass in the parlor of the Mermaid, never fails to descant upon the marvels of that night, when he and that woman-servant of his (who, he adds in a parenthesis, is undaunted enough for a she-pirate) saw with their own fearless eyes the spirit of Robert Hunter. [THE END.]

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 120 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct	'82 111½	—
" "	'67 117¾	—
" "	'68 117½	—
" "	'85 107¾	—
Phila 6 pr ct	9	9½
" " new	99½	99¾
" " "		
Cam City 6 pr ct	90	95
Phila 6 pr ct	74	75
" " coupon	74½	75
All'gy city 6 pr ct	69¾	69
" county "	6½	6¾
Alle co RR 6's	103	70
Penn " 5 "	85	85½
" " coupon	83	83
Penn 5 pr ct	93	93½
" 5 " coupon	76½	77
Kentucky 6 pr ct	103½	103
Penn RR 6 pr ct	96½	97
2d m'rt loan '83	84	86½
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	76	77
P G & N RR "	9	92
Read pr RR "	79½	79¾
" " m'rt "	84	90
R & Lan RR "	87	88
R & S HRR "	—	—
Cha Val RR "	91	97
Penn RR "	90	93
Phil Wil & Bal '60 RR 6 pr ct	96	96½
Long I RR "	69½	70
Sch Nav '82 "	87½	89½
Lehigh Nav "	91	91½
" Mort "	91½	92
C & DC "	72	73
Sus & Tid '70"	89	89½
Union Canal	62	62½
Williams & Elmira 1st m'rt 7 pr ct	75	76
2d " 7 pr ct	64	64½
Catawissa "	59	59½
North Penns 6 pr ct	58	58½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	133	135
Penna	48	49
Rea Meadow	55½	56
North Penns	11½	12
Phil Ger & Nor	60½	61½
Reading	40¾	40¾
" preferred	44½	50
Minehill	62½	63
Har & Lan	57½	58
Chester Val	56	60
Texas	13	—
" preferred	30	—
P W & Balt	23	25
Long Island	123	124
Wil'sport & Elmira	25½	26
Catawissa	12	12½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	14½	15
" preferred	30½	31
Lehigh Nav	73	74
Morris	15½	16½
" preferred	96½	97
C & Del	69	70
Union	11½	11½
Sus & Tidewater	84	85
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	155	160
Penna	111½	112
Phila div. off	119	120
Far & Mec	66½	67
Commercial	59	64
N Liberty div. off	55	60
Mechanics	29½	30
Southwark	70	80
P Township	29½	30
Kensington	71	75½
Girard	114	114½
Western	60	70
Man & Mech	31½	32
Commerce	70	72
Tradesmen's	57	—
City	240	250
Consolidation	57	58½
Pittsburg	66	—
M & M Pitts	63	—
Ex'ge Pitts	60	—
Kentucky	113	114
Northern, Ky	120	121
Lewisville, Ky.	110	126
Farmers, Ky.	112	113
Union, Nash Tenn	102	110
Plant's, Tenn.	103	110
Com & R Vick	8	9½
N O Gas Lt	120	130

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, May 6, 1857.

Breadstuffs have been in better demand at advanced rates. In Provisions not much doing. Groceries: Coffees, Molasses and Sugars continue in good demand at full prices. Cotton remains inactive. Coal continues dull; and there is very little doing in Iron.

BREADSTUFFS—Sales of Flour, both for export and on speculation, at 50a25c ₱ bbl better than at the close of last week, sales reaching some 9000 bbls in lots, at $6.25a6.50, and since at $6.75 for standard and good straight brands, $6.75a7.25 for extra, $7a7.50 for extra family. Corn Meal and Rye Flour are better; sales of Pennsylvania Meal at $3.15a3.25, and no bids of Rye Flour at $4 ₱ bbl, which is now held higher.

GRAIN—Wheat, like Flour, is scarce, at an advance of 1a2c ₱ bus; sales include about 25,000 bus, mostly Pennsylvania, at from 135 to 135c for reds, and 140a145c for white, the latter for strictly prime lots, which are much wanted. Rye—About 10,000 bus Pennsylvania brought 82a85c. Corn—Sales of about 30,000 bus at 50a55c for new Southern yellow, afloat, lots in store at 58a74c, closing rather quiet at our highest figures. Oats—Sales of 20,000 bus at 53a56c for Southern, and 58a60c for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—Sales of 150 bbls old Mess Pork at $23½, new held at $23½, without much doing. Mess Beef, City packed, sells at about $18½ ₱ bbl. Bacon at 12½a13c for plain and fancy sugared Hams, 12½c for Sides, and 10a10½c for Shoulders, as to quality. Green Meats are selling moderately at the figures. Dried—Sales of 20,000 lbs

NEWS ITEMS.

STOP THE PAPER.—A country editor says he has received the following:

"Dear Sir—I have looked carefully over your paper for six months for the death of some individual that I was acquainted with, but as yet not a single soul I care anything about has dropped off, so you will please have my name erased."

A DEEP OLD TURK.—"You advise us to adopt your railroads," said a profound looking old Mussulman to a recent traveller in Constantinople; "you advise us to adopt railroads, and are desirous of undertaking the job of building them, and at the same time you send here and buy our camels. I see how it is; if you want to get rid of your railroads, and put our camels in their places, and we should get the worst of the bargain." The American did not attempt to combat his idea, so left the Turk to his conclusions.

SLEEPY FIELDS.—In Turkey, if a person happens to fall asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, and the wind blows over towards him, he becomes gradually narcotized, and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstance, did not bring him to the neat well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher on his face and body. *Dr.* Appenheim, during his residence in Turkey, owed his life to this simple and efficacious treatment.

A MONSTER SEAL.—There was a large seal captured in the North River, near West Point, a few days ago, by Mr. Ward, of that place. It measured four feet in length.

PRAYER FOR A PAUPER.—In one of our Connecticut river villages, a venerable and well-known divine, who still flourishes in "that ilk," was called upon by one of the overseers of the poor, who required his services at a funeral. "You need not trouble yourself much," he said, "*I only want a short, common sort of prayer!*" *'Twas "only a pauper!"*

QUITE RIGHT.—The Game Law which recently passed the Indiana Legislature, has received the signature of the Governor. It forbids the shooting or killing of deer and prairie hens from the 1st of January till the 1st of August; quails from 1st of January until 1st of October; turkeys from 1st of March until 1st of September. Possession of game is made prima facie evidence of guilt.

WITHDRAWN FROM MARKET.—The President, upon recommendation of the General Land Office, has ordered the withdrawal from the sale to be held in June on the 4th proximo, that portion of the public lands upon which the Indians have recently been committing depredations, murdering the settlers and destroying their crops, &c.

MR. WEBSTER AND TOBACCO.—Fletcher Webster, Esq., in reply to an inquiry from Rev. George Peck, of Fitchburg, states that his father never used tobacco at all, and had a great aversion to it.

A WEALTHY SOCIETY.—The New York Liquor Dealers' Association numbers over 5,000 persons, and has a cash fund of $300,000, which is to be expended in testing the constitutionality of the License Law, recently passed by the Legislature.

THE Sheriff of St. Clair County, Illinois, advertises a negro for sale at public auction, he being guilty of having come into the State of Illinois and remaining there for ten days, for which offence he was fined $1, 25 provided by the Law of 1853, and in default of paying which fine, the Sheriff of the county in which he is found is directed to sell him to anybody willing to pay the $30.

CURIOUS PUNISHMENT.—A man named Daily, for attempting to commit suicide in Hendricks County, Indiana, has been sentenced to the Penitentiary for three years and disfranchised for ten years.

CONSEQUENCES OF MARRYING A COACHMAN.—We regret to learn that Mr. Baker, through whose public spirit and love of art we have, for many years, enjoyed the pleasures of studying the Dusseldorf pictures in consequence of his recent domestic infelicities proposes to close the Dusseldorf Gallery, and will, privately, send the pictures back to Europe. This collection, the finest in America, has cost Mr. Baker over $100,000.—*New York paper.*

A FACT.—A young lady in Brooklyn, New York, has recently had her leg amputated midway between the hip and knee in consequence of a wound made by a broken hoop. The hoop was of steel, and, some unaccountable manner, a broken point penetrated to the bone. The wound became inflamed, amputation was thus made necessary. We have the story from the young lady who is a friend of the now crippled-for-a-victim of fashion, and can vouch for its authenticity.—*Winstead Herald.*

ANOTHER PLANET, the 43d of the system between Mars and Jupiter, has been discovered by M. Goldschmidt, at the Oxford Observatory.

THE St. Paul's (Minnesota) Pioneer, of the 4th instant, contains a letter from General Shields, dated at Faribault, on the 15th ultimo, in which he contradicts the rumors of the massacre by the Indians at Pembina. Information, he says, received from Blue Earth county, does not give the slightest foundation to these absurd reports. The letter concludes that the utter hostility or signs of hostility have been shown among the Indian tribes in the Territory. The Minnesota, of the 30th, confirms the statement of the above letter.

AN amendment to the Constitution of Massachusetts, requiring all new voters to know how to read and write, has been adopted by the people, by a large majority.

VICTIM TO HIS OWN AMBITION.—The Princeton (Ill.) Courier tells of an ambitious rat which ascended to the roof of a large barn belonging to Mr. Dickason, near Cynthiana, in Posey county, and, not being satisfied with the roof, concluded to ascend the lightning rod. He did so; reached the prongs of the rod fast, and was never able to extricate himself. He was found dead.

EMIGRATION FROM NORWAY TO CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.—Information has reached England that upwards of 10,000 Norwegians will proceed from Norway to Quebec this summer. Several of those will remain in Canada, but the larger portion will pass into the North-Western States of America. Sir Colman O'Rooney has left England for Christiana to make arrangements for the transit of these persons from Quebec to their destination, and also to disseminate information with reference to Canada on behalf of the Government.

HORACE MANN, whose religious notions when here as to Massachusetts were considered rather loose by the most liberal of the sects, has approached near the public standard since his transference to the Presidency of Antioch College, Ohio, and has now assumed the title of Rev. This has drawn the following sneer from one of his old associates in this State:—"Is Horace Mann like the early disciples? Because were first called Christians at Antioch.—*Worcester Spy.*

AMERICANS from Mexico have been received to Cuba with ovations. The Archbishop and several priests have been arrested for an attempted insurrection, and the bishop will be banished from the country.

ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.—Some years ago the husband of a young and beautiful wife at Carondelet, Missouri, left her for a while, in order to try his fortune on the Pacific coast. He remained there seven years, was then unheard from, and finally there came word that he was dead. The widow put on her weeds of mourning, and wore them the usual term. At the end of that period, she received the wooing of a neighbor, and soon agreed to wed him. On the morning of the wedding, and just as she was about leaving her house for the church, her absent and mourned-for husband presented himself and asked for a kiss of welcome, but she coldly shrunk and disdainful air, she repulsed him from her presence, leaped into the carriage, and away they went, the embryo bridegroom not comprehending in least the strange proceedings; and, to cut the matter short, they were, in a few minutes, at the appointed place, and married. The interior husband, we understand, wants his wife, and threatens to kick up a muss. It is the most novel wedding that ever occurred in Carondelet.

MYSTERIOUS MURDER.—On Thursday morning the dead body of a young and comely woman, apparently about twenty years of age, was found lying in a secluded field at Hampton, about five miles north of Newburgh, N. Y. Her upper garments had been stripped off, the mark of a hand was around her throat, and her death had been produced by blows on the head. No clue to her name, or whence she came, had been discovered at last advices from Newburgh, but the coroner had commenced an inquest. None of her outer clothing was found. A large cameo brooch, or breastpin was found near her.

ANOTHER, May 6.—The excitement in relation to the foul murder of a young lady continues unabated. Clues to her identity has yet been obtained. The supposition that the deceased was Miss Sarah Bloom, of Newburgh, proves to be an error, as she returned to that city yesterday alive and well.

COMPARATIVE PRICES in New York market on the first of May, in the years 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857:

	1853.	1854.	1855.	1856.	1857.
Breadstuffs.					
Wheat Flour, State, bbl	4.62	7.62½	6.81¼	5.00	6.00
Rye Flour, fine, bbl	3.81	4.75	4.75	3.25	3.50
Corn Meal, Jersey, bbl	3.06	3.75	3.25	3.12½	3.25
Wheat, Genesee, bush	1.28	2.31	2.00	1.40	1.45
Rye, bush	90	1.12	1.00	73	80
Oats, State, bush	44	74	81	40	53
Corn, yellow, bush	67	85	1.18	62	80
Coal—Anthracite, ton	5.00	6.00	5.00	5.50	5.25
Coffee—Rio, lb	9¼	10¾	10¾	10¾	11
Java, lb	11½	14¼	14	14½	15½
Fish—Dry Cod, qtl	3.25	3.62½	3.87½	4.00	3.75
Mackerel, No 1 Mess	12.25	16.50	20.00	20.00	21.00
Molasses—N Orls, gal	28	34	38	47	35
Muscovado, gal	23	31	35	36	32
Cardenas, gal	23	30	33	30	34
Provisions.					
Pork, mess, bbl	15.75	16.50	17.37½	19.00	23.00
Pork, prime, bbl	13.37	13.25	14.37½	15.50	16.00
Beef, mess, country, bbl	10.50	11.00	11.00	9.50	13.50
Beef, prime, bbl	5.75	7.25	6.50	8.00	11.25
Pickled hams, lb	9¾	8½	8½	9½	11
Pickled shoulders, lb	6½	6	7¾	7½	9
Lard, lb	9¾	10	10½	10	14½
Butter, State, lb	20	25	22	20	23
Cheese, lb	9¾	10	11	10	13
Rice, Java, lb	4.37	4.00	6.00	4.25	5.00
Salt, Liverpool, sack	1.37	1.20	1.45	1.25	1.45
Sugar—N Orleans, lb	5	4½	5½	7½	12½
Cuba, lb	4½	4½	5½	7	10½
Refined white, lb	7½	8½	9¼	10¼	14
Tea—Young Hyson, lb	50	60	43	35	45
Souchong, lb	47	38	39	31	40
Oolong, lb	29	41	40	40	50

FOREIGN NEWS.—By the arrival of the steamship Indian, from Liverpool, with dates to the 22nd ultimo, we have foreign advices four days later. The English papers announce that Queen Victoria has given birth to another princess. The capital of the Bank of France is about to be doubled. It is reported that the Emperor Napoleon will soon visit Algiers. There are continued rumors of French conspiracies. The French Republicans propose running Carnot, Cavaignac, and others for the Legislature. The demand of Turkey on Persia for restitution of territory has been referred to France and England. The English and Persian treaty has not been concluded. It is rumored that the four Powers, wearied of the Neufchatel trifling, are about to impose terms on Prussia and Switzerland. It is reaffirmed that France and England are mediating in the Spanish-Mexican quarrel. Prussia is mediating between the Western Powers and Naples and Sardinia. Sardinia proposes to resume negotiations with Rome. Wirtemberg has signed a concordat with Rome.

The British Government has rejected the Dallas-Clarendon Treaty relative to Central America—on account of the Senate's amendments. Lord Palmerston, since the English election, evidently "feels his oats."

THE ADULTERATION OF LIQUORS.—The following facts in relation to what we drink, have recently been presented to the public by Dr. Hiram Cox, chemical inspector of alcoholic liquors in Cincinnati. He says that during two years he has made 210 inspections of various kinds of liquors, and has found more than nine-tenths of them imitations, and a great portion of them poisonous concoctions. Of brandy he does not believe there is one gallon of pure in a hundred gallons, the imitations having corn whiskey for a basis, and various poisonous acids for the condiments. Of wines, not a gallon in a thousand, purporting to be sherry, port, or sweet Malaga, is pure, but they are made of water, sulphuric acid, alum, Guinea pepper, horse-radish, and many of them without a single drop of alcoholic spirit. Dr. Cox warrants there are not ten gallons of genuine port wine in Cincinnati. In his inspections of whiskey, he has found only from 17 to 20 per cent of alcoholic spirit, when it should have from 45 to 50, and some of it contains sulphuric acid enough in a quart to eat a hole through a man's stomach. As whiskey is now the favorite beverage, these facts are worth consideration. If about fifty of these adulterators could be caught and hung, it would be a blessing to the community.

WALKER CLOSELY BESIEGED.—A large number of the Filibusters recently returned to New York—glad enough to get back safely. Walker appears to be closely besieged at Rivas, subsisting on mule flesh, seasoned with sugar for want of salt. He is continually harassed by the Allies, and his men cannot leave their entrenchments without being shot. The balls of the Allies continually cross the entrenchments, and cause considerable loss, while desertion is continually going on, reducing the strength of his force.

General Mora states that he has got Walker and his *forces confined to only two houses*—that he had dug a trench all around what was left of the city, and that Walker *would be forced to surrender by the 20th of April.*

San Juan del Sur and San Juan del Norte, or Greytown, are both in possession of the Allies, so that Walker can get no relief.

Among the deserters from Walker is Col. Caycee, his Quarter-Master, who distinguished himself at the siege of the Church of Guadalupe, by holding that place so long against the Allies.

A PICTURE OF SUNDAY LIFE IN CHICAGO.—Here is a picture of Sunday life in Chicago, furnished by the Times: "Here in Chicago, on Sunday, we have fifty-six churches open during the forenoon and evening, but at the same time there are no less than eighty ballrooms, to each of which the 'band' plays from morning till midnight, and waltzing goes on without intermission. In addition to these 'festivities,' we have two theatres, each with its performers in tights and very short garments, rivalling Ethler in their graceful evolutions. Saloons have their front doors closed by proclamation, but do a thriving business through side entrances."

INDIAN EXCITEMENT IN IOWA.—ST. LOUIS, May 1.—The Democrat has advices from Fort Desmoines, Iowa, to the 27th ult; stating that five or six hundred Sioux Indians had crossed the Desmoines river, in the neighborhood of Fort Dodge, on the Saturday previous, and fears were entertained that it had been attacked. As the force at the Fort was insufficient to repel such a force, companies were organizing to go to the assistance of the garrison. Several families had sought refuge in Fort Desmoines, and the greatest consternation prevailed.

ONE OF THE BEAUX.—The Cincinnati Commercial tells the following good story:

A young man from the town of S——, in Richland county, Ohio, lately visited Cleveland, accompanied by a fair damsel. The young man, never having been much from "HOM," was somewhat unaccustomed to the "usages of the world." He put up at the Weddell, and ordering dinner, which, in due time being announced, the young gallant boldly walked into a sumptuous repast, leaving the young lady alone in the sitting-room. After partaking of a meal that astonished his stomach, he returned, to his companion—who was rather surprised at this proceeding—and remarked,

"The dinner was darned good—why didn't you buy some?"

The above is an actual fact which we can vouch for. The lady was sixteen hours without anything to eat.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

MAY 4.—There was a fair supply of Beef Cattle at the different yards. The sales were interfered with by the rain. Towards the afternoon there was more activity in the market, and most of the offerings were disposed of at prices fully sustaining our former quotations. The whole receipts foot up 1,100 head. The greater part of these were from the near counties of this State, and 200 from Ohio. Prices rated from 6½ to 12c for the best quality; 11a11½ for second quality, and 9½ for very common. 900 head were sold at the Bull's Head, as follows:

60 Lancaster county, by John Todd, at 11a12½.
90 do do by J. Cochran, at 10½a12.
60 do do by J. Seldomridge, at 12a13. Most of these were extra prime quality, and 70 Ohio, by the same person, at 10½a12.
40 Lancaster county, sold by Hathaway & McFillen, at 11a12½.
40 Lancaster co., G. Seldomridge, at 11a12½.
20 Chester co., Underwood & Co., at 11a12½.
40 Lancaster co., Thomas Gillespie, at 12a12½.
30 Lancaster co., Robt. Connell, at 11a12½.
80 Lebanon co., J. Soliday, at 11a12½.

The balance were sold at small lots, as to quality, at from 10c to 12c.

At the Avenue Drove Yard 375 head were offered, and nearly all sold as follows:

65 Lancaster Co., by A. Ritenbaugh, at 11a12½.
60 Ohio, Thomas Strickland, at 11a12.
50 Lancaster Co., Abrams & Eckman, at 11a12½.
40 Ohio, by Carr & Co., at 10a11¼.
25 Chester Co., by A. Kennedy, at 11a12½.

95 head were taken for New York, and 30 head sold in small lots by the owners.

At Vanleer's—140 head were sold on Thursday and 80 head to-day, with a the range of 10a11½.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sales of 300 head, as to quality, from $25 to $64 each.

About 250 Cows and Calves were offered at the Washington Grove Yard, Ridge Avenue, this week. The market was dull, sales ranging at from $20 to $45 for Fresh Cows, $25 to $35 for Springers, and $15 to $25 for Dry Cows.

OF HOGS the arrivals at Singer's Yard for the week reached about 1200 head, principally from Ohio and the western part of this State, received by the Pennsylvania Railroad. The demand was steady, and all sold at from 5½a6 per lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—The receipts this week were about 3000 head. Prices have slightly declined: sales of Sheep at 6c lb. live weight, and Lambs at $3@5 each, as to quality; a good many Sheep were left over.

Arrived at Singer's Union Grove Yard, for the week ending May 4th, 1857:—1485 Hogs, and about 30 Horses—all from beyond the western part of this State—and were shipped by the Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroads. Hogs are selling at the same rate as last week, viz; 9½@9¾ & 10c lb net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. York.
BURNHAM, FEDERIEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
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BOYHOOD—

Years ago, when rosy childhood'd
Lapped me in its dreams of bliss,
Then I heard a father's accents,
Then I felt a mother's kiss.

But father's voice and mother's blessing won'd have been very unsatisfactory without the certainty that when the child became a likely youth he could procure neat and becoming garments at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 (new style), Chestnut Street, above Sixth, Philadelphia. R. & W. have the finest stock of Youth's and Adult's Clothing in the city.

WILD CHERRY.—We hear so much said of the wonderful curative power of Dr. Wistar's Balsam, in all stages of diseased lungs, that we feel perfectly safe in recommending it for general use for coughs, colds, bronchitis, &c.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov2-tf

HAD TELLY himself pronounced one of his orations with a blanket about his shoulders more people would have laughed at his dress than admired his eloquence; so true is it that indifference in dress is closely allied to ridicule. Even Horace has satirized the man, "*horridus ornamina famose dispondit*," showing that in all ages and countries a due regard to dress is considered essential to propriety. In our own country, to be well dressed, in a fine coat such as all may obtain, who will patronize the fashionable emporium of Granville Stokes, 399 Chestnut St., above Sixth, Philada.

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. oct1 tf

FINE, beautiful Hair—jet black or brown—
Or tresses curling and golden
Is the certain result—without chance or doubt—
Of the use of LYON'S KATHAIRON.

The immense sale of LYON'S KATHAIRON—nearly 1,000,000 bottles per year—attests its excellence and universal popularity. The Ladies universally pronounce it the finest and most agreeable article ever used. It restores the Hair after it has fallen out—invigorates and beautifies it, making it soft, curly and glossy—cleanses it from all scurf and dandruff—and imparts to it a delightful perfume. Sold by all dealers, everywhere, for 25 cents per bottle.

Beware of counterfeits. HEATH, WYNKOOP & Co., Proprietors and Manufacturers of Perfumery of all kinds, 63 Liberty St., New York. ap4-tf

COUNTERFEIT WISTAR'S BALSAM.

We would caution the purchasers of the *Balsam of Wild Cherry* again at an imitation article which has made its appearance in many places, and which might deceive the unwary by its resemblance to the genuine bottle. Of the mixture we need not speak. Unprincipled scoundrels can always be found ready to counterfeit anything, by which they can put money in their pockets, and they are sure to choose the most popular and well known article on which to practice their villainies. It is a lamentable fact that there are also *dealers in medicines* who are willing to lend themselves to the circulation and vending of such poisonous trash because, because they can buy it for less than half the cost of the real article. Avoid such a man as you would a dealer in counterfeit money, for he is the greater scamp of the two.

They have never dared to forge the written signature of I. Hurts, having a wholesome fear of the STATE PRISON before their eyes. *Be sure that you find on the outside wrapper the written signature of I. HUTTS*, and you may rely upon its being genuine. Buy none of the spurious.

SETH W. FOWLE & Co., 121 Washington Street, Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents everywhere. ap25-3t

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, No. 59 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday morning, the 28th ultimo, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, by the Rev. Henry S. Spackman, Doctor J. Pennington, of Wilmington, Del. to Miss MARY MASDEN, of Chester county, Pa.

On Feb. 12th, by the J. H. Peters, Mr. JOHN HARKEY, to Miss KATE TOMAN, both of this city. New York papers please copy.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH TOMLINSON, to Miss ANNIE M. BRADDOCK, both of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, ROBERT PATTERSON, to Miss LIZZIE C. SHUTSTER, both of Frankford, Pa.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, Mr. JOHN K. HOOKER, to Miss CARRIE WEAVER, daughter of Enoch J. Weaver, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. C. R. Demme, Mr. HARRY WEBSTER, to Miss KATE WISTERS.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. THOMAS WILLIAMS, to Miss SARAH SHAFFER, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. DANIEL PAUL, to MARY E. SPOERHASE, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D. D., Mr. JOHN MASON, to MAGGIE E. daughter of James McAllister, Esq. both of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. F. J. Barthelin, NICHOLAS GRENSEMYER, to Miss MARY F. ROGERS, both of this city.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Wilder, Mr. HENRY PUMPER, to Miss SUSAN GARRIS, both of Chester, Delaware county.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JOHN KNAPP, to Miss ISABELLA T. SMITH, both of Kensington.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. L. H. Christine, Mr. FRANCIS G. SHELTZ, to Miss EMILINE ANDERSON, both of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. Richard Newton, Mr. RICHARD H. DUTTON, to CAROLINE H. daughter of the late Thos. J. Galy, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th ultimo, MARGARET, daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Orr, aged 23 years.
On the 29th ultimo, Mr. JAMES SCANLAN, Jr, aged 22.
On the 30th ultimo, BENJAMIN CARLIN, aged 47 years.
On the 22nd ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM SHARPLESS, Printer.
On the 30th ultimo, ALCHESIA, daughter of Stephen and Mary Smith, aged 10 years.
On the 30th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM FLEE, aged 92 years.
On the 23th ultimo, Mrs. ANN CATHARINE, wife of James A. Noble, aged 40 years.
On the 29th ultimo, ANDREW FOSTER, aged 32 years.
On the 28th ultimo, JOHN MCHALE, aged 38 years.
On the 28th ultimo, ELLEN, wife of the late Arthur Duffy, aged 38 years.
On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. MATILDA FRANCIS, wife of John S. Orner, aged 37 years.
On the 27th ultimo, MATILDA WALKER, aged 19 years.
On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH MCCAWLEY, aged 70 years.
On the 27th ultimo, CHARLES PHILLIPS, aged 23 years.
On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. MARY ANN, wife of Franklin Egbert, aged 36 years.
On the 24th ultimo, WILLIAM A. CRAWFORD, Esq. of Norristown, Pa.
On the 27th ultimo, JOHN NOLAN, aged 28 years.
On the 26th ultimo, ESTHER, wife of Charles Delaney, aged 40 years.
On the 24th ultimo, MARY F. wife of Wm. D. Potts.
On the 24th ultimo, WILLIAM HARTLEY, aged 56 years.
In Leavenworth City, Kansas, on the 20th ultimo, Mrs. AMANDA A. wife of Isaac Hall, formerly of Philadelphia.
On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. MARY A. JOHNSON, aged 74 years.
On the 8th ultimo, HANNAH N. relict of the late Hothnel A. Sloane, aged 51 years.
On the 25th ultimo, SARAH COOK.
On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET DURHAM, aged 73.
On the 28th ultimo, JAMES REILLY.
On the 27th ultimo, SAMUEL PORTER, aged 86 years.
On the 26th ultimo, JOHN, son of Daniel and Mary A. Forbes, aged 2 years.
On the 26th ultimo, THOMAS MCCLUSKEY aged 12 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 29 South Third Street,
PHILADELPHIA, April 27, 1857.

Pennsylvania.

Solvent bks	par to 1 dis
Relief notes	1 dis
Lancaster bk	45 dis
Erie City bk	30 dis
Bk of Newcastle	30 dis

New Jersey.

Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis
Merch bk Bridgeton	30 dis
Wheat Drawer's bk Newton	30 dis
Commercial Bk, Perth Amboy	failed

Delaware.

Solvent bks	par
Under 5's	¼ dis

Maryland.

Valley bk Hagerstown	no sale
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis
Far & Mec bk Kent co	1 dis

District of Columbia.

Exchange bk	30 dis
Sev bks	¼ dis

New York.

Safe bks	par to ¼ dis
6th Avenue bk	¼ dis
Knickerbocker bk	14 dis
Par bk Onondaga	25 dis
Mer & Mec bk Oswego	30 dis
Ex bk Hudson	30 dis
Empire City bk	15 dis
Centre bk	14 dis
Champlain bk	no sale

Maine.

Safe bks	1 dis
Bk of Hallowell	25 dis
Ellsworth bk	80 dis
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis
Canton bk South China	no sale
Exchange bk	no sale
Hancock bk	25 dis

New Hampshire.

Safe bks	¼ dis
Lancaster bk	almost failed
Exeter bk	

Vermont.

Safe bks	¼ dis
South Royalton bk	2 dis

Connecticut.

Sev bks	¼ dis

Massachusetts.

Safe bks	¼ dis

Rhode Island.

Sev bks	¼ dis
Bk Republic Providence	75 dis

Canada.

Safe bks	3 dis
Commercial	5 dis

Virginia.

Safe bks	¼ to ½ dis
Bk of Kanawha	10 dis
Corp'n Alexandria	¼ dis

North Carolina.

Safe bks	¼ to 1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis

Georgia.

Old bks	¼ dis
New bks	2 to 5 dis
Bk Columbus	no sale
Bk of Milledgeville	no sale
Mec & Mech bk Columbus	no sale
Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale

South Carolina.

Safe bks	¼ dis

Alabama.

Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Other safe bks	5 dis

Mississippi.

All bks	uncertain

Louisiana.

Safe bks	1 dis

Ohio.

Safe bks	1 dis
Bk of Circleville	55 dis
Canal bk	2 dis

Kentucky.

Safe bks	¼ dis

Indiana.

New solvent bks	2 dis
State bk	1 dis
Shawnee bk, Attica	no sale
Commercial bk, Lafayette	no sale
Other bks	5 to 80 dis

Illinois.

Peoples bk, Carmi	20 dis
Rushville bk, Rushville	20 dis
Solvent bks	3 dis
Agricultural bk	20 dis
Amer Ex bk	20 dis
Bk Commonwealth	20 dis

Missouri.

Safe bks	1 dis

Tennessee.

Bk of East Tenn	no sale
River Bank	no sale
Sev oks	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
Central bk	no sale
Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis	no sale
New bks	2 to 5 dis

Michigan.

Safe bks	2 dis

Arkansas.

All bks	no sale

Wisconsin.

Safe bks	3 dis

Texas.

Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	5 dis

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REFERENCES.

Joseph T. Swan, Judge Supreme Court, Ohio. Thomas Moodie, Cashier City Bank, Columbus, Ohio.

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FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE FOR REAL ESTATE AT THE EASTWARD.—The Rancho Pescadero—three miles from Monterey, on the coast of the Pacific, estimated to contain two hundred thousand cords of wood, worth at San Francisco nine or ten dollars per cord, with pasturing lands and other improvements. It has a good port, protected from prevailing winds. Inquire of

JOHN C. GORE,
my2-3t Monterey, California.

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Wit and Humor.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN AND AN IRISH INNKEEPER.

English Gentleman.—Halloa, house!

Irish Innkeeper.—I don't know any one of that name.

Gentleman.—Are you the master of the inn?

Innkeeper.—Yes, sir, please your honor, when my wife's from home.

Gentleman.—Have you a bill of fare?

Innkeeper.—Yes, sir; the fairs of Mullingar and Ballinasloe are the next week.

Gentleman.—I see. How are your beds?

Innkeeper.—Very well, I thank you.

Gentleman.—Have you any mountain?

Innkeeper.—Yes, sir, the country is full of mountains.

Gentleman.—*I mean a kind of wine.*

Innkeeper.—Yes, sir; all kinds, from Irish white wine (buttermilk) to Burgundy.

Gentleman.—Have you any porter?

Innkeeper.—Yes, sir. Pat is an excellent porter; he'll go anywhere.

Gentleman.—No; I mean porter to drink.

Innkeeper.—Oh, sir, he'd drink the ocean—never fear for that.

Gentleman.—Have you any fish?

Innkeeper.—They call myself an odd fish.

Gentleman.—I think so; I hope you're no sharp.

Innkeeper.—No, sir, indeed; I am not a lawyer.

Gentleman.—Have you any soles?

Innkeeper.—For your boots or shoes, sir?

Gentleman.—Pshut! have you any plaice?

Innkeeper.—No, sir; but I was promised one, if I would vote for Mr. Bolter.

Gentleman.—Have you any wild fowl?

Innkeeper.—They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

Gentleman.—I must see myself.

Innkeeper.—An' welcome, sir; I'll fetch you the looking-glass.

A LESSON ON TRUE CHARITY.

At a missionary meeting among the negroes in the West Indies, it is related, these resolutions were adopted:—1. We will all give something. 2. We will each give according to our ability. 3. We will give willingly. At the close of the meeting, a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to contribute. Many advanced to the table, and handed in their contributions, some more and some less. Among the contributors was an old negro, who was very rich, almost as rich as the rest united. He threw down a small silver coin.

"Take dat back again," said the chairman of the meeting. "Dat may be 'cordin' to de fust resolution, but not 'cordin' to de second."

The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back to his seat much enraged. One after another came forward, and all giving more than himself, he was ashamed, and again threw a piece of money on the table, saying:

"Dar—take dat!"

It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given so ill-temperedly that the chairman answered:

"No, sah, dat won't do! Dat may be 'cordin' to the fust and second resolution, but not 'cordin' to de third."

He was obliged to take it up again. Still angry with himself the rich old negro sat a long time, until nearly all were gone, and then advanced to the table, and with a smile on his countenance, laid a large sum of money on the table.

"Dar, now, berry well," said the presiding negro, "dat will do; dat am 'cordin' to *all* de resolutions."

This simple narrative contains in a nut-shell the whole formula of benevolence.

A Slave's Notion of Salvation.—The following anecdote is from Olmsted's "Seaboard Slave States:"

A slave, who was "a professor," plagued his master very much by his persistence in certain immoral practices, and he requested a clergyman to converse with him and try to reform him. The clergyman did so, and endeavored to bring the terrors of the law to bear upon his conscience.

"Look yeah, massa," said the blackslider, "don't de Scripture say, 'Dem who believe and is baptized shall be saved?'"

"Certainly," the clergyman answered; and went on to explain and expound the passage; but directly the slave interrupted him again.

"Jus you tell me now, massa, don't de good book says dese words: 'Dem as believes and is baptize shall be save;' want to know dat."

"Yes; but"

"Dat's all I want to know, sar; now, wat's de use o' talkin to me? You sin't going to make me bleve wat de blessed Lord says an't so, not ef you try forever."

The clergyman again attempted to explain, but the negro would not allow him, and as often as he got back to the judgment-day, or was charging him with sin, and demanding reformation, he would interrupt him in the same way.

"De Scripture say, if a man believe and be baptize, he shall—he *shall* be save. Now, massa minister, I *done* believe and I *done* baptize, an *I shall be saved suah*—Dere's no use talkin, sir."

The Strength of the Ruling Passion.—Malherbe's scrupulosity as to grammatical minutiæ became, in effect, a veritable religion to him; insomuch that on his death-bed, nay, in the last agony, he gave vent to his irritation at the solecisms of which his nurse was guilty, and, as we are assured, scolded her right smartly, in spite of the remonstrances of his confessor. The poor confessor was only snubbed for his pains.—"Sir," protested the dying man, "I will defend to my very last gasp, the purity of the French language." And when the good father tried to work upon his patient by describing the bliss of the life to come, but in a somewhat prosy and unpicturesque manner—and thereupon asked if Malherbe did not feel a great yearning after the speedy fruition of all this happiness—the answer was, "Say nothing more about it, or your wretched style will disgust me with the place altogether."

English School Discipline.—In Coleridge's time the discipline at Christ's Hospital was ultra-Spartan; all domestic ties were to be put aside. "Boy!" Coleridge remembered Bower saying to him once, when he was crying, the first day after his return from the holidays—"Boy! the school is your father! Boy! the school is your mother! Boy! the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying."

Couldn't Pass Coppers on Him.—A correspondent, writing to a Boston paper from New Orleans, gives the following incident: "You can buy nothing in New Orleans and most southern and western cities for less than a 'picayune,' or six-and-a-quarter cents. Coppers are hardly known. I was amused at a little incident which I saw on board one of the western boats. A man from the North tried to pass ten coppers upon a 'Sucker,' a native of Illinois, for a dime. 'What be they?' inquired the Sucker, turning over the coppers in unfeigned ignorance. 'I calculate they are cents,' replied the Northerner. 'Can't you read?' 'I reckon not,' said the other, 'and what's more, old hoss, I allow I don't want to. What is cents, mister?' 'I vow to the judges,' said the Northerner, 'you are worse than the heathen! Cents is money, sartin! Ten of them are worth one dime. Can't you see it says E Pluribus Unum—that's the Latin for Hail Columbia, and here, it's inscribed one cent.' 'Look here, stranger,' responded the Sucker, putting the thumb of his hand into his ear, and inclining his fingers forward, 'you may run a saw on a Hoosier or Wolverine, but I'm dod rotted if you Yankee me with the contusive stuff.'"

"And he marched off to the social hall to indulge in a drink of corn whiskey, in compliment to his own sagacity."

Having One's Hands Full.—Going to the opera for amusement, and sitting with a glass in your right hand, the libretto in your left; your right eye on the French text, the left upon the translation; both eyes on the singers and both on the beaux, or the ladies, as the case may be; clapping your hands while holding your hat, glass, book and bouquet; and you have about as much as a smart man can do.

Sir Walter Scott's Cromwell.—As to Cromwell's personal appearance, between the eulogy of Macaulay, the "hero-worship" of Carlyle, and the execrations of every Royalist writer from Clarendon downwards, I prefer to abide by the slight but effective *æsthetic* sketch, struck off with the hand of genius by the pen of Scott, who, painting neither demi-god nor devil, shows us, in his "Woodstock," a man of mood and temperament alike unequal; at one time hiding deep purpose and lynx-eyed observation behind that mask of drawling, obscure, conventicle slang, which he could at will lay by, and in a moment change for that brief, sharp tone of decision which went straight to its mark without word-wasting. Cromwell was well-known to have been subject to "the mood of a *dark hour*," and to paroxysms of "plentiful weeping," which the unreasoning abuse of the Royalist has called "his crocodile tears," and his foretaste of the endless "gnashing of teeth;" but Scott (thorough Cavalier as he was in all his prejudices), puts these fitful moods before us, as phases of that morbid temperament often found in great men, in which, without hypocrisy, affectation, or indeed volition, they interchange sternness, and tenderness, an impassive demeanor, and the "melting mood of woman," a ruthless resolve and tenacity of purpose, with a devotional frame of mind merging into superstition. Scott's may be a slight sketch, but it is highly characteristic; it belongs to the "Romance of History," and yet I hold it to be probably as true and lifelike a portrait of Cromwell as we possess.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

Raleigh's History.—Raleigh's History of the World was composed during his imprisonment in the Tower. Only a small portion of the work was published, owing to the following singular circumstance. One afternoon, looking through his window, into one of the courts of the Tower, Sir Walter saw two men quarrel, when one actually murdered the other; and shortly after, two gentlemen, friends to Sir Walter, coming into his room, after expressing what had happened, they disagreed in their manner of relating the story; and Sir Walter, who had seen it himself, concurred that neither was accurate, but related it with another variation.

The three eye-witnesses disagreeing about an act so recently committed, put Sir Walter in a rage, when he took up the volumes of manuscript which lay by, containing his History of the World, and threw them on a large fire that was in the room, exclaiming that "it was not for him to write the History of the World, if he could not relate what he saw a quarter of an hour before." One of his friends saved two of the volumes from the flames, but the rest were consumed. The world laments that so strange an accident should have mutilated the work of so extraordinary a man.—*Granger's Wonderful Magazine.*

Conceit can Kill, and Conceit can Cure.—It is computed that ten millions of francs are paid yearly in Paris for flowers. But it is said they have their perils as well as their charms. Some kinds have a most deleterious effect upon the atmosphere; and often their effects are exhibited upon the nervous system; but oftener the imagination alone does the mischief. A young lady of most sensitive nerves was relating one evening to some person in her drawing-room that she had a horror of the rose; "the perfume of that flower," said she, "gives me a vertigo." The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of a friend, who wore a rosebud in her hair; immediately our delicate lady grew pale, threw up her arms, and fell gracefully back upon the sofa. "For goodness sake, madam, retire. Do you not see that it is you who caused this spasm?" "Me?" replied the astonished friend. "Certainly; it is the perfume of that rosebud in your hair." "Really, if that is the case, I must give up to you the guilty flower; but pray examine before condemning it." She then took the flower from her hair, and handed it to one of the persons who addressed her, and their inquietude soon gave way to another feeling—the fatal rosebud was artificial!

A Mother's Love or Her Child.—"Mary, it don't seem but a little spell ago, when I come home one night—it was twelve long years ago, but it don't seem more'n one, and 'twas 'way off in the old country—and I found this little gal in bed with her mother. You was a little thing then, as soft and simple as a young robin, but byme-by you begun to grow, and turn up your black eyes to hern, and laugh in her sweet face till she cried in youra. And then you'd go to sleep, with your cheek right up agin her soft breast, and she with her arms round you, lovin' you all the time. And when you got older, Mary, and could toddle round, and we began to feed you on the nanny-goat's milk, and you got all tuckered out, playin' and runnin' out doors, and would come in with your eyes lookin' as heavy as lead, she used to take you up in her lap, and put your little head—littler and softer'n 'tis now—in her bosom; and there you lay, half-laughin' in your sleep, and she lovin' you all the time."—*J. G. Holland's "Bay Path."*

WHOLESOME BOARDING-SCHOOL FEAST.

Jessie.—"And so, Walter, you have little parties at your school, eh?"

Walter.—"Ah! don't we, just!—Last Half there was Charley Bogle, and George Twister, and me—we joined, you know—and had two pounds of sausages, cold, and a plum cake, and a barrel of oysters, and two bottles of currant wine! Oh, my eye! wasn't it jolly!"

Agricultural.

IS CLOSE BREEDING INJURIOUS?

Close breeding is a term applied to the coupling of animals of near affinities of blood. The term "in-and-in" is sometimes used in the same way, but perhaps would be more properly applied to breeding from animals of the *same* blood.

In a late number, Mr. C. N. Bement, in an article headed, "To Improve Farm-yard Fowls," attributes the inferiority of the common fowls of the country to their having been too closely bred. He says:

"Neither the inferiority in their size, nor their poor egg-laying qualities are, however, to be attributed to the kind of food they receive, for farmer's fowls generally fare pretty well, particularly in threshing time, nor to any want of attention; but to the fact that in very many cases the stock is never changed, or if changed at all, so seldom as to be productive of no good results. Thousands of miserable, weak-minded people, idiots and lunatics, attest the evil results of marrying between blood relations. If such be the consequences resulting from 'breeding in-and-in,' as it is generally termed, from the human family, will not the same principle apply to fowls? Will not a stock of fowls, let us ask, degenerate from year to year, both in size and other good qualities, if no additions from other varieties or yards are made? * * * It is hardly necessary to draw the attention of breeders generally, to the fact—how few animals *maintain* their superiority for a series of years in any particular variety. All being of the same blood their offsprings are puny, weakly, and highly susceptible to disease. This can only be obviated by procuring the cock birds from another strain or family."

This is certainly "going the whole figure" in regard to the bad consequences of close breeding; but whether the positions are well-grounded is another matter. It may be admitted that degeneracy has resulted from breeding from animals of near relationship, but it does not follow that the degeneracy was the result of a natural law. Or even if such a law is admitted, the question would then arise whether it operated with such force that it could not be counteracted. If cases can be given where breeding from affinities has produced no such disastrous consequences as Mr. Bement mentions, they show clearly that the assumption of positive degeneracy from that system is erroneous.

The human family is cited as affording the most obvious and indisputable evidence of the degeneracy alluded to. It might be asked, in the outset, What was the *degree* of affinity which produced "the evil results of marrying between blood relations?" It might be asked, also, if the "evil results" have always followed to the same extent, where the relationship of the parties was the same? If the "evil results" are sometimes seen in the offspring of first cousins, are there not many cases of the same affinity where such results do not appear? Most persons of observation can answer the question in the affirmative. A breeder of animals, and a close observer of nature's operations, was asked whether we should not fear that the offspring of cousins would be enfeebled, to which he replied—"No, not if I could make the matches." The point embraced in this answer is a sufficient explanation of the matter. The "evil results" can be avoided if due regard is paid to the qualities of the parents. Numerous cases, both in man and the lower animals might be cited on this point. If the Mosaic Scriptures were to be taken as evidence, it might be shown that the whole human family had been produced on this in-and-in system. But to leave the Israelites out of the question, let us see what light the practice of the Ishmaelites throws on the subject.

In Lieut. Burton's late work entitled "A Pilgrimage to Medina and Mecca," he tells us that the Bedouins or wondering Arabs have always practised on the system which among us is so frequently spoken against. Having given the characteristics of these people, he says:

"Such is the Bedouin, *and such he has been for ages.* The national type has been preserved by systematic intermarriage. The wild men do not refuse their daughters to a stranger, but the son-in-law would be forced to settle among them, and this life, which has charms for a while, ends in becoming wearisome. Here no evil results are anticipated from the union of first cousins, *and the experience of ages and of a nation may be trusted.* Every Bedouin has a right to marry his father's brother's daughter before she is given to a stranger; hence 'cousins,' in polite phrase, signifies a 'wife.' Our physiologists adduce the Sangre Azul of Spain, and the case of the lower animals, to prove that degeneracy inevitably follows 'breeding in.' * * * Yet the celebrated Flying Childers, and all his race, were remarkably bred-in. There is still, in my humble opinion, much mystery about the subject, to be cleared up only by the studies of physiologists. Either they have theorized from insufficient facts, or civilization and artificial living, exercise some peculiar influence, or Arabia is a solitary exception to a general rule. The fact which I have mentioned is patent to every Eastern traveller." (pp. 321-322.)

There is no probability that the Author of Nature has instituted a different physiological law for the Arabians from that which prevails among the human species generally; and as to the lower animals, it would be well to base our conclusions on careful observations, rather than on unsupported theories. The fact in regard to the close breeding of the unrivalled horse Flying Childers, is well known to the readers of equine history, and has been frequently commented on. There are other similar cases, in the same species, on record, and from experiments which have lately been commenced, and are now going on, in this country, we shall probably be able, in a few years, to add some more interesting facts of this nature.

But will it do to receive Mr. Bement's doctrine of positive and inevitable degeneracy from the same blood in the species of animals he speaks of? Martin, and other writers on the Domestic Fowl, tell us that what is *par excellence* the Derby Game Fowl, has been bred at Knowsley Park (the seat of the Earls of Derby,) for more than a hundred years without change from the blood of the original stock. Some specimens of this stock which have lately been introduced into this country, would not favor the idea that they have degenerated in size and other good qualities. An imported cock of this variety weighs upwards of seven pounds, and in all the points of shape and appearance of constitution, strength and energy, is seldom equalled.

In the year 1851, the writer of this article saw, on the farm of Adrian Cornell, Jr., of Bucks co., Pa., a stock of fowls remarkable for their size, good shape, prolific habit, &c., which were stated to have been kept on this farm, unmixed, for upwards of fifty years! Yet none of the "evil results" which Mr. Bement speaks of were here manifest, and there is no reason to believe they would ever appear, so long as the same judgment was observed in their management that has thus far been used.

Then as to other species of poultry, Col. Jaques, of Somerville, Mass., brought from Canada, in the year 1818, a pair of wild geese. He has bred in a direct line from this pair, without change, down to the present time, and the stock is remarkable for its size. He also imported from Germany, in 1821, one gander and two geese of the Embden or Bremen variety, from which he has bred, without the infusion of blood from any other stock, to this time. They are now as large, as healthy, and as prolific as the imported stock. Goslings of seven months old, have weighed (alive) upwards of twenty pounds each.

There is no necessity of extending this article by referring to other kinds of animals, although similar evidence to that already adduced might thus be obtained. Several of the cases cited bear directly on the subject as presented by Mr. Bement, and the facts they establish may be summed up as follows:

1. That the union of animals of the same blood does not necessarily produce degeneracy in the offspring.

2. That the constitutional tendencies of animals are affected by those of the parent stock, and that hence it is important to select such specimens for propagation as are most free from defects.

3. That in proportion to the judgment used in the breeding and management of animals, will be their standing in the scale of merit or usefulness.

4. That whether the breeder should confine himself to a particular blood, or should resort to other strains, must depend entirely on the circumstances or condition of his animals as compared with others.—Barkwell, *in Rural New Yorker.*

Feeding Sulphur to Cattle.—I have been in the habit of feeding sulphur to cattle for twenty years. I mix one pound of sulphur with six quarts of salt, and place it in a box where the cattle can have free access to it. I have not seen any vermin on my cattle since I commenced this practice. I think it has a tendency to make the old hair come off more readily. The best time to feed it is in the fall or winter.—*Cor. Ohio Cultivator.*

Transplanting Trees.—The tree taken up, prune the roots with a knife, so as to leave none more than about a foot long; and if any have been torn off nearer to the stem, prune the part so that no bruises or ragged parts remain. Cut off all the fibres close to the roots, for they never live, and they mould and do great injury. If cut off, their place is supplied by other fibres more quickly."—*William Cobbett.*

To Rout Her Vermin.—They are not to be routed by lime, snuff, nor sulphur. They riot in the highest temperature, and only sleep at forty degrees below zero. It is in their hiding places where they deposit their ova and breed infinitesimally.

Here is the place to attack them—in the crevices and out of sight places, corners, and underside of perches, and joints of fixtures, and wall. Now! in their lair! *Boiling hot lime water* by the bucketful, a few rounds in quick succession dashed upon perch and wall, a Noah's flood, scrubbed in with a corn broom, and you have given them "*Sebastopol.*" This do early in the spring, midsummer, and in the fall. Scald with the *boiling hot* lime and water, also the laying boxes, and setting places, and chicken coops, thoroughly, *thoroughly*, and your poultry will flourish.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

A Substitute for Bean Poles.—How many gardens have their appearance spoiled by unsightly bean poles, as the old saying is, "standing seven ways for Sunday." I have a way that looks better, and as for the productiveness, there is half difference in favor of my plan. Set posts twenty feet apart, six feet high, and fasten No. 8 or 10 wire on the top. Plant under the wire in hills two feet apart, leaving two plants in a hill to grow. Stick with willow or any kind of sprouts peeling the ends to prevent growing. Tie them to the wire and cut off the tops of the vines two or three inches above the wires. The rows should run north and south, and be four and a half feet apart.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

To Destroy Slugs.—As I have not seen a satisfactory answer in reply to your correspondent for destroying slugs, I would advise him to scatter a little salt over the land and repeat it a few times; it should not be thrown over plants. Asparagus beds are great harbors for slugs; if a liberal supply of salt be given it will benefit the asparagus and slugs cannot live in it.—*Cor. Gardener's Chronicle.*

Useful Receipts.

Varnish for Rustic Garden Seats.—First wash the woodwork with soap and water, and when dry, do it over on a hot, sunny day with common boiled linseed oil; leave that to dry for a day or two, and then varnish it once or twice with what is commonly termed "hard varnish." If well done, it will last for years, and will prevent any annoyance from insects.—*Correspondent of the Cottage Gardener.*

Cure for Bots.—Make some sage tea, and sweeten it well; when about milk-warm, drench the horse with it. If it turn out to be the cholic, and not the bots, the sage tea will be good for that.

To Preserve Sea-Weeds.—Sea-weeds may be collected at any time, but summer is the most agreeable season for this interesting work. Put each specimen in a plate full of water, it will then be easy to spread out and arrange the branches or fibres. Then introduce a sheet of paper under the sea-weed, and carefully raise it out of the water, the specimen will be beautifully displayed upon the paper, and when dry will be found attached to the paper by means of the gluten in the sea-weed.

Rats.—The Killing Operation.—A friend of mine destroyed some dozen rats at one haul, in the following manner. He took a door of the house from its hinges, placed it on the floor of the room, with a stick under one side of sufficient length to elevate it to a suitable height. To this stick was attached a string of sufficient length to reach into an adjacent entry. After putting meat under the door, and getting the rats well baited, he secreted himself in the entry, and by the light of the moon discovering when the rats in numbers had assembled under the door, suddenly jerked away the stick and sprang upon the door.—*Cor. Boston Cultivator.*

Dried Cherries.—Take 12 lbs. of the cherry; stone the same carefully, so that they may be as little broken as possible; put them in a pan with plenty of powdered sugar (9 lbs.); let them simmer gently for about twenty minutes; then take each cherry out separately on to a sieve to dry; shake a little sugar over them, and turn them for three successive days (in which time, if the sun is powerful, they will have dried): when quite dry, put them into a tin box, with a layer of paper between each row. Then keep them in a moderately warm place for use.

To Make Cream Cheese.—The following are two recipes:—Take a quart of cream, or, if not desired very rich, add thereto one pint of new milk; warm it in hot water till it is about the heat of milk from the cow, add a small quantity of rennet (a tablespoonful is sufficient,) let it stand till thick, then break it slightly with a spoon, and place it in the frame in which you have previously put a fine canvas cloth; press it slightly with a weight; let it stand a few hours, then put a finer cloth in the frame; a little powdered salt may be put over the cloth. It will be fit for use in a day or two. *Another Method.*—If cream is scarce, so that a sufficient quantity cannot be had at once, take a fine canvas bag, and pour as much cream as you may happen to have into it, adding additional small quantities twice a day, and from its becoming naturally sour, the thin part will drain through the canvas, and the remainder will prove an excellent cheese. If one quart of cream can be had at once, and poured into a fine canvas bag, it will make a nice sized cheese, and of course equally good as those made by several small quantities added as convenient intervals. The cheeses made in this way are not fit for use so soon as those made with rennet.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

Change in the Meaning of the Word Lover.—It is nearly equivalent to friend, and was formerly in common use in that sense. Thus, in Psalm xxxviii, 11, we have, in the old version, "My lovers and my neighbors did stand looking upon my trouble," and also in the common version, "My lovers and my friends stand aloof from my sore." So afterwards in 375 Brutus begins his address to the people, "Romans, countrymen and lovers." Another change which has been undergone by this and some other words, is that they are now usually applied only to men, whereas formerly they were common to both sexes.—This has happened, for instance, to paramour and villain, as well as to lover. But villain is still a term of reproach for a woman as well as for a man in some of the provincial dialects. And although we no longer call a woman a lover, we still say of a man and woman that they are lovers, or a pair of lovers. I find the term lover distinctly applied to a woman in so late a work as Smollett's "Count Fathom," published in 1754: "These were alarming symptoms to a lover of her delicacy and pride." (Volume I., chap. 10.)—*Professor Craik's English of Shakspeare.*

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 3, 7, 16, 2, 8, 20, 4, 11, 15, 12, is one of the Graces.
My 5, 9, 20, 17, 16, 4, was a youth beloved by Venus.
My 16, 9, 5, is a celebrated mountain near Troy.
My 4, 5, 22, 11, 8, 21, were priests of Bacchus.
My 12, 8, 5, 22, 20, the muse of amorous poetry.
My 9, 5, 19, 2, 15, 3, a beautiful woman beloved by Apollo.
My 21, 10, 4, 11, 10, 2, 7, 21, a man doomed to perpetual labor in hell.
My 1, 2, 18, 22, 20, 17, was the trumpeter of Neptune.
My 3, 15, 14, 5, 21, was a celebrated Trojan.
My 20, 10, 15, 9, 7, 4, a mountain in Thessaly.
My 5, 22, 8, 20, 19, 20, 21, was one of the Fates.
My 22, 11, 19, 22, 20, 15, one of the giants at war with Heaven.
My 6, 2, 12, 5, was a daughter of Mars.
My 17, 12, 21, 1, 20, 6, was a celebrated Grecian.
My 19, 2, 14, 9, 8, 5, the wife of Theseus.
My 5, 1, 14, the goddess of Vengeance.
My 10, 20, a princess beloved by Jupiter.
My 10, 8, 16, 20, 15, the rival of Orpheus.
My 10, 11, 1, 2, 20, 17, a celebrated serpent.
My 20, 21, 15, 6, 18, 4, was an Egyptian god.
My whole is one of the best means for promoting intellectual and moral improvement in the United States.

E. H.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 50 letters.
My 1, 21, 29, 49, 24, is a river in Europe.
My 2, 16, 14, 20, is the name of a bird.
My 13, 38, 27, 43, 40, 22, is a menial.
My 4, 6, 18, 28, 32, 45, was a celebrated portrait painter.
My 7, 10, 33, 37, 17, is a species of horse.
My 50, 25, 35, 42, 48, 33, is something written.
My 12, 30, 8, 3, is a river in Europe.
My 26, 34, 19, 44, 5, 31, is a kind of game.
My 46, 9, 11, 47, is a reptile.
My 15, 41, 29, 23, is a musical instrument.
My whole is a Spanish proverb.

New York. DEMETRICUS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 24, 9, 8, 1, 12, 11, 15, 13, is a county in Florida.
My 14, 23, 15, 5, 19, is a river in Europe.
My 25, 14, 7, 5, 6, 19, 9, 9, 4, 16, 5, 17, is a county in Virginia.
My 19, 10, 25, 26, 11, 1, 2, 10, 9, is a river in Asia.
My 12, 11, 9, 8, 4, 2, 15, 16, 21, is a town of note in Iowa.
My 5, 4, 23, 2, 17, 9, is a kingdom of Europe.
My 25, 26, 7, 20, 3, 15, 25, 9, is a county in Arkansas.
My 26, 14, 10, 9, 0, 7, 1, is an Empire of Europe.
My 23, 17, 16, 5, 21, 2, 21, 19, 23, is a county in New York.
My 12, 17, 14, 23, 15, 12, 4, 5, is a river in New England.
My whole will be, when completed, one of the greatest achievements of art.

J. E. D.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 40 letters.
My 1, 6, 26, 5, 32, 4, 1, is one of the United States.
My 10, 12, 23, 10, 15, 33, was a King of Persia that invaded Greece with the largest army of which history gives us any account.
My 40, 31, 36, 35, 1, 34, was a giant of the Philistines.
My 4, 26, 2, is a biped.
My 29, 37, 31, 39, is not fast.
My 39, 26, 4, 18, 6, 7, is not slow.
My 23 31, 4, 19, was an Empire in ancient times that embraced the whole of the known world.
My 21, 25, 31, 4, 28, 8, is a man's name.
My 11, 3, 12, 22, is a kind of tree.
My 27, 24, 23, 24, 36, 14, 26, 22, 31, 30, 9, 2, 26, is one of the United States.
My 30, 38, 17, 25, 10, 13, 40, 21, 31, 27, was a renowned General and firm patriot in the times of the Revolution.
My 4, 28, 2, 14, 25, 19, 20, 20, 22, 23, is a city in England noted for its manufactories.
My 4, 3, 8, 29, 6, 33, 17, 16, 11, 11, 35, is a river in the United States.
My whole is an ancient adage.

T. B. S.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is found upon the land,
And in the ocean deep;
'Tis found upon the desert's sand,
And on the mountain steep.

My second's sold in every town,
'Tis used in every state;
And if you guess it, you will own,
It's sale is very great.

Some find my whole deep in the ground,
Far away from mortal sight;
Now, if you have the answer found,
You'll *know* if you are right.

Pequea, Pennsylvania. ALPHA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is the coalman's—is used by the crown;
My second is part of a lock, jail, or town;
My whole is always seen with derision;
Does the answer loom up before your dim vision?

GAMMEW.

TRANSPOSITION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.
Transpose my whole, and I am what many shun.
Omit my 1, 2, and transpose, and I am a word of command.
Omit my 5, 6, and I denote happiness.
Omit my 3, 4, 5, 6, and I am a personal pronoun.
Omit my 1, 4, 6, and I am what we often do.
Omit my 1, 2, 4, and transpose, and I am an article of dress.
My whole is what many wish for.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

ANAGRAMS

On the names of papers published in the United States.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1.—We knew your tribe, Kenly.
2.—Dave Yeast, stop running!
3.—Green T, red H, yellow K.
4.—No, gal, I run off to hue.
5.—Lead on, Len Waters.
6.—Lie not near a hat.

Saline, Michigan. J. R. SHEKELL.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When corn was $1 per bushel, and wheat $2 per bushel, a man wished to fill his sacks with a mixture of wheat and corn for the money he had in his purse. Now, if he got 50 bushels of corn, and laid out the rest of his money in wheat, he would want 10 bushels to fill his sacks; but if he got 50 bushels of wheat, and then filled his sacks with corn, he would have $6 left. How much of each must he buy in order to lay out his money and fill his sacks?

Belmont, Ohio. WM. BOND.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between killed soldiers and repaired garments? Ans.—The former are dead men, and the latter are men ded (dead)!

☞ Why are washerwomen the most inconsistent persons? Ans.—Because they put out tubs to catch "soft" water, when it rains "hard."

☞ Why are book-keepers like chickens? Ans.—Because they have to "scratch" for a living.

☞ Which is the longest letter in the alphabet? Ans.—O, because there is no end to it.

☞ What color does flogging give to an unruly boy? Ans.—It makes him yell oh (yellow)!

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—Napoleon's campaign in Russia. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Fox, Lightfoot Lee. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Marcus Tullius Cicero. CHARADE.—Campbell. CHARADE.—Catamount. CHARADE.—Hyena. REBUS.—Gates.